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HYMN FOR SABBATH EVENING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Star of the holy Sabbath Eve!
How radiant this same regal dawn,
With blessings for the flesh below,
Then silent on the throne of air!—
The purple clouds around thee hung
In muted folds upon the blue,
Purer and grander than a king
Of Orient islands ever knew.

II.

Star of the holy Sabbath Eve!
How calm the eyes of one on-gone
On the sweet zones that mourn a part,
A relict of thy tender rays,
If in from each green matter turned,
And marred a temple on the sod,
Where through the day, still, holy day
His soul looked up and to God.

III.

Star of the holy Sabbath Eve
How placidly that thin mere lies erect
Of that who smiles its daily dress,
Though from thy throne no love is heard:
Yea, there is language more wide—
Than that which flows in earth-cried,
As holy as its utterance,
As sweet as hymns from shrieks of gold.

Star of the holy Sabbath Eve!
O, may thy tender teachings now
Fall with a will to every heart,
On every mortal's every home,
While here beneath thy sacred light,
We voice over the silent sublime
That gave but Earth of one day rest,
The promise of a thornless time.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ROSALIND HUBERT;
OR,
THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIII.
INTELLIGENCE.

The sun was sinking towards the distant line of trees when Simon Peter Drake drove up the hillside and stopped at the farmer's door. When he entered the kitchen he found the family all there, and Albert Varrendale was with them. They paused inquiringly into his face, and they knew his news must be bad, for he showed it too plainly to be mistaken. Rozy, however, started quickly up and ran to meet him.

"O—Simon—have you found her? Don't say no!"

But the man made no reply. He put her away, and sank into a seat. They all looked eagerly towards him, but Albert's face bore the deepest marks of agonizing suspense. The youth leaned forward, with his hands clinched nervously upon his knees, and so prayerful was his gaze that Simon bent to avoid it.

"Come—speak," said Mr. Klug.

"What's the use?" returned Drake, in a dejected tone. "I hain't done nothin'!"

"But you've searched, Simon? You've done something?"

Searched! By the immortal Morse! I've searched finding all over. Beat the cussed snake, I say!"

"And no news?" groaned Albert, sinking back.

"Not a bit."

"I'd better goes with you," the youth said, in a tone of self-reproach.

Hadn't you been enough, Mr. Varrendale? But we couldn't be hunted up here if there'd been a hundred with me. I've watched every movement that Gooding's made for three days, but I'm—I'm no go. Blast his ugly picter, didn't I want to put my knuckles into't! But I'll get one grab at him I'd s'and his old pale ring never I left you!"

At this juncture a knock was heard at the door, and Mrs. Klug answered it. When she returned she was followed by a man in a sailor's garb. He was a short, strong-looking man, with a hard, black head, and a pair of very sharp, snapping eyes. By his side and his back he plainly showed that he had not been long from the ocean.

"Good evening, gentle folks," he said, taking a chair, and depositing his bag upon the floor by his side.

"Good evening, sir," Mr. King returned.

"My name is John Peters," the stranger added; "and I've come you see Mr. Klug?"

"I am sir."

"Well—I'm a blunt man, and I'll come right to the business. You've had a girl living with you named Rosalind Hubert?"

"Yes, sir," replied the farmer, quickly.

All were interested now, and the new-comer was regarded with eager looks. Albert had leaned forward again, and his fingers once more clutched his knees.

"D'ye know where she is now?" the sailor asked.

"No, sir—we do not. But—perhaps you do not know, sir—you may not be aware—that she has been—I may say—is—that she has been foully taken from us by her uncle."

"Her uncle?" repeated the sailor, with a curious look.

"Yes, sir—her uncle—Thomas Gooding."

"Ah—he's an uncle, is he?" said John Peters, pulling his foot upon the floor.

"Yes, sir. He gave us the girl when she was a mere infant. Her parents had run away, or left the country for some cause, and the child had been given him to dispose of. But, sir—can you tell us anything concerning her? We are very anxious."

"He said her parents had run away, did he?" pursued the visitor, seeming to take no notice of the last question.

"So intimated as much," replied Peter, as Albert groaned. "What a knave he must be!"

"A knave, eh, most surely," responded Peters.

"It's a gizzard!" asserted Simon earnestly.

"You were acquainted with the family, sir?" pursued Mr. King.

"I was acquainted with a very near relative of the family," explained the sailor—"with one that was a dear act valuable friend to it."

"Yes, sir—yes?"

"I couldn't tell you at present. It was her grandfather. He came here from India a short time since, and one of the greatest—in fact, it was the greatest—hopes he had of home was, to find his grandchild, and look in the smallest of her love through the evening of his life. I have heard him say as a great many times."

"And do you say the old man came here?" asked the farmer, strongly.

"Yes," returned the sailor. "I then found him from New York to Boston, and I finally succeeded upon Thomas Gooding. A—in fact, I know he is a villain. He cannot deny from India a short time since, and one of the greatest—in fact, it was the greatest—hopes he had of home was, to find his grandchild, and look in the smallest of her love through the evening of his life. I have heard him say as a great many times."

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"Then he had been here?" repeated Albert, with a groan.

"Yes, sir—he was here. He came here

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"Out with it."

"——pay me something. I know you're skin."

"This is strange talk, Michael."

"I may be to you, but it ain't to me. I say——ye must pay me something. Look at me trouble I've had, and the risk I'm run, and——"

"Never mind that," interrupted Gordon, with a frown. "I hadn't expected this from you, Michael. I made you an offer to take the girl, and then paid you your own price. What more can you ask?"

"Look ye, Tom," said the pawnbroker, with a sharp, searching gaze, "there's villainy in this, and I've said myself to say so. Oh, that girl's one o' the most ill-used critters I ever see, and she's in trouble, too. I declare it makes me pale to me bor, sometimes. When she fainted that Monday mornin', after I'd shot the murder to her, I even it made me shudder to think how I'd helped about the poor thing."

"That'll all do very well to tell, Michael," said the broker, with a contemptuous look, "but it don't go down with me."

"You can't help ownin' up to the villainy part," suggested Lodder.

"Never mind whether I can or not."

"Well—I won't mind. But I've told myself to it, and I've found it deeper than I expected. Now come down handsomely, and I'll give up the girl, and say no more about it."

"What! Do you mean to blood me?"

"If I didn't know you'd get the blood to spare I'd be different; but, ye see, I know, so down ye come."

Thomas Gordon gazed into his companion's face for some moments without speaking. He knew he was in the pawnbroker's power, but how he would deal power he said. With all the gold he had hidden away, he had gained so much thing so enormously. He could not spare a piece of the yellow metal if it could be avoided.

"You don't mean that, Michael," he finally said, imploringly.

"If I don't mean just that, then I don't mean anything," returned Lodder, with dogged determination. "You know me, and I know you. Now come down. This is business."

"Speak plainly. How much do you expect I could raise for you?"

"I don't know anything about that, though I've an idea of how much I want."

"Well—let's have it."

"Why—I've pondered the thing over in my mind, and there's just a thousand pounds in it. I've slept over it, and dreamed over it, and thought of it when I was awake, and I've wondered if it was too little, but that one figure hangs. I can't get it out of my head any way. It's only a trifle to both of you."

"Name it," said Gordon, snapping his fingers nervously upon the table.

"It's only a thousand—that's all."

"A thousand what?"

"Dollars," said the pawnbroker, with a cool glance.

"A thousand devils!"

"Just so, Tom. Gold is sometimes devils."

"Do you think I am made of gold? I haven't got any such sum."

"Then of course you can't pay it to me."

"You've hit it, Lodder. I can't do it."

"All right," returned Lodder, heading a letter upon the table.

"I thought you'd come to your senses. I might make out fifty dollars, though."

"O—don't trouble yourself, Mr. Gordon. I couldn't think of taking it."

Thomas Gordon gazed over the scanty sum in a show of superciliousness.

"Why, I mean just that," replied Lodder, bringing his forefinger down upon the table with marked emphasis. "I'm poor—I've done some work bad, thankless work—villainous work—and I know you've made something handsome by it besides, and you can help the girl. She's a thousand dollars, and you can take her when you want her. If you can't do it, perhaps there's them that can."

"Villain!" said Gordon, "would you turn traitor?"

"Don't say that word, Tom," urged Michael, without any show of scowling. "I wouldn't call you by that name."

"But you'd turn traitor, nevertheless?"

"I'd have a thousand dollars."

Thomas Gordon sank back upon his seat, and looked his companion in the face, but the pawnbroker stared him out of countenance. He knew Lodder's character too well to suppose he would let go his grasp, now that he had made it so firmly within his power. He knew that Lodder must be aware of the danger he (Gordon) would run from exposure, and that he would use that knowledge as a screen to his operations.

"You are hard, Michael," he said, in a lower tone.

"We're both of us hard, Tom," was the concise response.

"But I mean you're hard on me."

"Any harder than you would be on others, eh?" Gordon winced.

"But we've been friends. I am not hard on my friends."

"Don't be a fool!" cried the pawnbroker, contemptuously. "Or, if you must be one, don't, for mercy's sake, think I am one. *Friends!* And where's been the friendship? Did you ever come here when ye hadn't business? Did ye ever ask me when ye hadn't some work for me to do? Friends! we're too close to be done in the dark! Haven't ye always come with the idea that I would do anything for money? I have done it, Tom, and will do a good many things for money—I have to live. He do always regard the act murder. I hain't got quite black enough in my heart for that yet—— Eh! What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"What makes ye start so?"

"What d'ye mean by talking so much about women—and—and——"

Michael Lodder started as though he had received an electric shock. Ah, Thomas, you shouldn't have asked that question! You have given a fool! Sharp eyes are upon you, and a mind reads you that makes you well. You shouldn't have asked that question!

The pawnbroker turned away his head, as though something interested him in the opposite corner. He managed to calm himself, but there was a strange light dancing in his great, round eyes, and his fingers worked together, as though he had something between them which he could handle with pleasure!

"I didn't mean anything more's common by what I said; and if I did, you needn't be worried. We're friends, ye know."

Gordon was seized with a troublesome which he could not control, and the wicked gaze which met him when he looked into Lodder's face, did not tend to calm his agitation.

"Of course you couldn't have meant anything concerning me," he finally said, with an abortive attempt to appear unconcerned. "I didn't know, though, what strange ideas might have got into that crazy head of yours, for your demand would seem to imply that your brain wasn't far from being a little turned. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the pawnbroker.

"You'll say five hundred, Michael."

"Just raise the amount."

"Must you have that?"

"I must."

"Well—you're faithful to me, and I'll try to raise it somehow. I can borrow it, perhaps."

"No doubt. But when will you start the gift?"

"I don't know, exactly."

"Very well—any time will suit me. Ah—there's my supper-bell."

"You have boarders?"

"Ye labs, but I s'pose Patty's been waitin' for me some time."

"Then I won't detain you any longer, but I'll see you again soon. We can speak about some day, I was thinking of something I read in a book this forenoon. It kind o' startled me. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the pawnbroker.

"Good-night," said Gordon.

"Good-night," returned Lodder.

Thomas Gordon went away, and Michael watched him as a cat watches the mouse which she has caught, but does not intend to eat. He let him go for a time, and when he had disappeared the pawnbroker relieved the kitchen, leaving the doors open behind him, so that he might hear the noise of the bell in his office, if any one should enter.

Rosalind did not come down to supper. She came down to an meal now. A mental fear was upon her that she did not leave her room.

"What makes ye look so hasty, looking up?" asked Patty.

"Funny?" repeated the man, looking up. "What d'ye mean?"

"Why—" Patty took as though somethi' was workin' on yer mind. What is it?"

"Where's Rosalind?"

"How can I guess?"

"I didn't know, mate' how quick yer eyes are but yer wit was as good. Did how is Rosalind? Have ye been up to her room?"

"No, I have, Michael; and I declare I pity the poor thing. I tell ye she can't stand it much longer. She'll go crazy. She don't have a bit o' drop but she thinks it's an officer come to take her up for the murder."

"Well—she may not have to stand it much longer."

"And I tell ye she can't stand it, poor thing!" Patty spoke with real feeling, for tears in her eyes trusted. While the imprisoned girl had shown spirit, the woman had restricted her without, for never; but now that she was all broken down in the banished, and suffering continuous agony, the bonds of sympathy were formed.

"Don't be alarmed," said Lodder, lifting a piece of pale bluish flesh to his mouth. "She won't be with us much longer. Her uncle will take her off."

"I hope he will, for humanity's sake."

A short silence ensued, and then the woman observed Michael's curious look again.

"What is it?" she asked. "What are ye thinkin' on of?"

"I'll tell ye, Patty," replied the pawnbroker, with an expressive nod of the head. "But you'll keep it to yourself."

"Never fear for me."

"Then—I've got Mr. Thomas Gordon under my thumb!"

"Ye have?"

"Under my thumb," repeated Lodder, pressing that member upon the table as though he had the broker's throat between his fingers.

"Sure enough!" said Patty, with joyful eyes opened to their fullest extent.

"Never mind how I've got him. I've got him safely. If he's got gold, I'll have it!"

"But has he got gold?"

"He's got enough of it. Oh—I've got him! He's opened his soul to me without knowin' it, and I've got the key. Give me a little bread, Patty. Thomas, me boy—we'll make a rattle among them money-bags yet!"

"Hark! There's the bell. Somebody is in the office," said Patty.

"And I'm just done in time," added the pawnbroker, starting from his chair, and hurrying out.

Albert Verrondale and Simon Peter Drake were waiting for him.

CHAPTER XV.

A STARTLING ANIMAL!

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the pawnbroker, as he skilled in behind his counter, with a look of surprise. "I—I—I didn't expect you this evening!"

"We don't wish to pardon anything," returned Albert, regarding the man before him with a certain gaze.

"Ah—— Something to dispose of, eh? I ain't in want of anything just now; but still, to accommodate gentlemen, I may be induced to——"

"This is Michael Lodder, I presume?" the youth said, without waiting to notice the pawnbroker's disinterested offer.

"That's my name."

"Then you are just the man I want to see."

"Well—here I am, sir," returned Michael, a little startled.

"My business, sir, is concerning a girl whom you have been keeping in confinement."

The pawnbroker started, and turned pale, and his whole frame trembled. He was enough for Albert. He knew he had hit the mark.

"A girl named Rosalind Hubert," he continued. "There's no such girl here!" he cried, before Lodder quickly.

"What is it?" cried Simon Peter.

"Be a little careful how you speak," returned the enraged youth. "You are frightened, but be managed to overcome the emotion so as to speak with considerable composure.

"Who are ye?" he asked. "What dye mean by comin' here on such an errand?"

"We don't mean to injure the girl, sir," replied Albert, gazing upon Lodder with a look of loathing; "but we've come to take her away from here.

"Now all you will give us a little trouble is possible."

"Will ye?" uttered the rascal, with increased confidence. "this is a pretty go, I must say. Come here after a girl! What d'ye s'pose I've got to do with girls? I guess you'll have to look a bit further afore you find what ye're in search of!"

"We shall look no further until we have looked a little more thoroughly here," replied Albert, with some feeling. "We know Rosalind is here, and we must have her."

"You speak rather freely for a perfect stranger, I guess, though, you'll find yourself in warm water before ye hunt over this house."

"There ain't no use in feelin'," interposed Simon, turning towards his companion. "We know she's here, and if he won't show her to us, why, we know mighty well who will."

"We'll overlook that moment," said Albert; and then turning to the pawnbroker, he added—

"You have put the matter to me, and you will act wisely if you comply with my request. I give you my word that you never get such chance from me as my purpose. Now lead me to the girl!"

"I tell you, here she's no girl here," exclaimed Lodder, slightly startled by the youth's manner. "How can I lead ye to what I hain't got in the house?"

"Then you fully refuse?"

"Refuse! Why—I—I don't do it, I tell ye."

"Then we'll assistive to find somebody that can. Come, Simon Peter, while I call a—a friend."

"In course I will."

"Then keep your eye on this man, and don't let him escape you. I'll have an officer here as quick, by ye possible."

"Look here, strangers—by——I you're trading on dangerous ground," exclaimed Lodder, trembling with fear and anger both. "You'll find it a hot berth to stay here—now I tell ye!"

"Simon Peter, mind sweet," said Simon. "Just you go and find the officer, an' of this chap offers any resistance, I'll wear him somewhere that'll astonish him."

"Don't," said his eye over the guard, pewter frame of the farmer's man, and then he turned to the youth, who already had his hand upon the door-knob. "Whatever may have been my thoughts, his resolution will quickly taken.

"Look here," he said to Albert, "and you hold on one minute."

Albert turned back, and waited to hear what the fellow had to say.

"If you're relying upon a curious errand," resumed the pawnbroker, "and you put it to me rather rough. How can ye? What are you to the girl that you're looking about?"

"We are her friends."

"But that don't do anything. Where are ye from?"

"We are from the home where she has been kept a prisoner by you!"

"Why didn't ye say so in the first place? Now, look here, I'll tell ye the truth, but you must know who's her friends, and who ain't! She's had trouble enough already, without havin' them about to be questioned as witness with her. She may be afraid; but I'll go see her; and if she is I'll send my boy to the office for you. Who shall we tell her wants to see her?"

"Tell her," said Simon Drake.

"Just wait here a few moments and I'll have it all right."

"Shall we trust him?" whispered Simon.

"I guess there's no danger," replied Albert. But still he after him if he's gone long."

Michael Lodder hurried out, and in the kitchen he found Patty.

"What's to pay now?" asked Patty, surprised at Michael's unusual appearance.

"Never you mind. Just stay here and keep your eyes open. Don't let anybody in. Shut the bolts be hurried from the room and opening lightly up stairs.

Rosalind sat upon the side of her bed, with her hands folded upon her lap, and her head bowed, but her face and eyes turned to the door. Her cheeks had fallen from their fair roundness; the blue veins were visible on a painful degree upon the marble brow; and the large blue eyes had a dull and half vacant look. Her dress was open and without ceremony, and Michael Lodder saw that it was.

"Rose," he said, in a hurried, uneasy tone, "there's a gentle come to you. I meant to have kept free by the fact that two officers had been here to inquire for you. They wanted to know you did the murder, and they'd have ye at any rate. I'll send him off. Now, however I can, there's come a messenger of a different sort, but one for more dangerous, unless ye've got a clear conscience. It's an old man. He says he's come to know Simon Drake?"

Simon Drake started, staring to her feet.

"Oh! let me see him! Good, generous Simon! I'm glad that you sent a clerk to you. If you should leave here they'd have ye apprehended in less than an hour. Go to the sheriff on the street. Now I must go to see this man, but I don't want ye to expose yerself."

"Oh! I'm careful. Let me see him!"

"But if he wants ye to go home with him. Would ye like to come more a passage by the murder?"

"I will," said him up. Mind, Rose—if we can keep you hid away for a few days more we hope to find some cause for ye. We won't have you charged if we can help it. What a blessing being bowed to be your friends—But ye feel encouraged to see him?"

"Yes—oh! yes—I am very strong, sir."

"I'll have him up! I'll send the gentleman," said Michael, laying his hand upon his hand, and casting a meaning glance upon the trembling girl.

Instinctively Rosalind turned her head upon her own hand, and a low moan of pain escaped from the trembling lips.

"I am touched, sir. You need not fear that I shall ever, with my own hand, take the life of my friends. Let him come now."

With this the pawnbroker went away.

Since that final night Rosalind had been treated by Lodder and Patty very differently from the former manner. She had received, indeed, that second anger to help her, and their sympathies were now free-poured and in consolation and encouragement. In the frankness of her heart she believed that the pawnbroker's interest in her was a noble misfortune had moved them thus. Her mind was subdued and humbled, and the awful terror which had fallen upon her completely whitened her soul. She was no more her former self. The fear of the officers came had bowed her down, and she felt the mark of Cain upon her brow!

Michael Lodder went upon the stairs—the steps of two persons. At the landing one stopped, and a moment's silence. Then the door opened—she gazed up, and saw—Albert! Her head swam—things were dancing before her—and with a low cry she sank upon her lover's bosom.

"Rose! dear, dear Rose! look up. It is I—it is Albert! Do not be afraid, my love!"

The poor girl raised her face, and a groan of anguish burst from the youth's soul.

"Merciful heaven!" he ejaculated, as he saw how ghastly she was, "what have they done? Are you sick? Are you ill? Rose, dear, dear Rose! Rose! wake to it!"

"Oh, Albert, I have been very unhappy: I have been sick. But—I am better now. Oh, you, dear, dear Albert!"

"And we'll soon have you well, darling!" the youth cried, pressing the loved form more closely to his bosom. I have come to take you home. They'll nurse you there."

"Home!" whispered Rosalind, with a start.

"Rosalind—look up at me," said Albert, his face changing to an ashen hue. "You know me! You are not——"

SMALL MORALITIES

BY GEORGIANNA GUERNEY.

There's many a man who would not sell at once rob his fellow of all that he owns, yet would unscrupulously do it by exposure and sickness.

There's many a woman who would not let her husband starve, who would rob him for the heart by a tongue thrust at her character.

There's many a man that would not, in words, cheat and deceive any woman who will yet do so most cruelly, most fatally, by manner, look and act.

And there's many a woman who will do the same.

There's many a person who would not ill-treat strangers or visitors, who will neglect, and in ten thousand ways impose upon, those that love him—the more sup he is of that love the more bold are his impositions. Miserable!

There's many a person who does all larger things upon principle, but goes about by impulse in the smaller (which are often the more important) matters of life.

There's many a person who would'nt for anything neglect scripture reading, prayer, church going, or even almsgiving, but who will whine, and fret, and growl, all day long, rendering everybody about them unconformable.

There are many persons who will talk with tears in their eyes of the love of God, who never deny themselves for pure, unselfishing love of their enemy, or hardly for that of friends. Whatever they do do for one is done with careful explanations of how kind it is.

There's many a person who would shudder at robbing a man, or at deserting a grave-yard, who will rob his children of sympathy and love.

There's many a person who will watch for his own rights, who is foolishly jealous, who will go and add a *selfish school* of children to do what helps himself, and who will not labor upon the working man.

There's many a man as just as Aristides to all beyond his own family circle, but who is more unjust than the veriest tyrant to all of his fellowcreatures were to give favors to her child would make a mockery of all that is sacred.

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VALHALLA.

BY WILLIE B. PABOR

For real in Scandinavian lore
Of that ideal place on that far shore
Where heroes rest forevermore.

The brave battle has been won,
The victory gained, or work is done,
The race for precedence has run;

They lay their heavy armor down,
They change their helmet for a crown,—
Entrance has for some matched.

And there are those who, keeping time
To sweet notes said to come from Orpheus' lyre,
Welcome each hero with a chime.

Within Valhalla's blessed walls
They taste the bliss that never palls,
And find repose in Odin's halls.

And I have read to sacred lore
Of lands that lay beyond Time's shore,
Where Life's tide knows light no more.

There hope and crown await the brave,
Who while in life more labor gave
Of faith than half o' beyond the grave.

They sing new songs without before,
In rhymes unknown to mortal lore,
And only sung on that blest shore.

They wore true heroes on earth,
Although they were of humble birth,
And seemed, perhaps, of little worth.

But they had fought the dragons dire,
Had conquered wrong by righteous might,
And through the darkness sought the light.

And when they had their armor down,
Their faith received a sure reward,
And with the Great One was the Crown.

THE BANISHED SON.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Rosie and Mary Armitage were known as the prettiest girls in Hazelford. They were the daughters of a wealthy widow, whose handsome property embosomed in trees that in summer almost hid its white walls, stood on the outskirts of one of the villages green. By the aristocratic side, I mean that which was adorned by the elite of the surrounding age, the dwellings of the lawyer and doctor, and of one or two retired city merchants; and which, in short, was considered most desirable by the village magnates.

Mrs. Armitage was a proud, handsome woman, stern in manner, and with the most rigid ideas of birth and social position, of decorum, dignity, and hold government, of everything in fact, that pertained to the management of the daily life. Mistress of a large fortune, and an elegant mansion, she prided herself upon the equitable system by which she managed all her various interests. Her word was law in her household, she neither sought nor accepted advice, but exacted implicit and blind obedience within the sphere of her influence, to bend to her will.

Her husband had been a quiet, yielding man, a frequent invalid, and too indolent by nature and disposition, to relish in his own hands the reins of government. Mrs. Armitage had ruled during his life, not only his house and family, but also, he was shrewdly suspected, himself. It was generally supposed that, had destined the larger of the two estates which, with the exception of small legacies to his three children and one or two members dependent of the family, with somewhat larger ones to various benevolent objects, bequeathed to her the entire bulk of Mr. Armitage's fortune, to be by her absolutely controlled.

Somehow it got whispered about that Mr. Armitage had wished to leave a large portion of his property, principally real estate, to his son, but that he had been overruled by the lady, who was not willing to see the power of her sex usurped and dispensing wealth pass from her hands. He had, however, enacted a promise from her, on his death-bed that she would see all his children well provided for, and she had answered, somewhat sternly, that they were her children as well as his, and that though she could be trusted to do justice to them all. That much she would promise, she added, in a softer tone, as the unutterable death-shadow gathered over the man her fate had linked with her own a gentle expression; and the meek spirit passed away soon after the solemn words were spoken.

Years had passed since that hour. The little girls, who with awe-struck faces watched their mother's bedside, were now grown tall handsome young ladies. They lived alone with their mother in the family mansion, received the best society of the village, and had the house occasionally filled with the friends they had made at school, or during their visits to the city.

But they were always under their mother's direct supervision. She ordered their dresses and confided not in at her bidding, and in the main, good, generally making all purchases for them, and never yet had made to either any separate allowance. The income of their small legacies she regularly paid them, but even that they could not expend without her permission, and she kept the purse giving offices, which she steven by a stern confession of manner, that effectually laid defendant to a domestic economy.

The sisters were very different, both in appearance and disposition. Mary, the elder, was tall, with a figure almost too full in its majestic proportions to suit her youth. In person she strongly resembled her mother, and so lose so in disposition. It was although by those who knew her best, she had the same dark, flashing eye, and jetty hair, the same clear, olive tint on brow and cheek, the same red lips, between which the white teeth were wont to gleam with a smile that was neither genial nor kindly; and her imperious manner and proud step seemed copied from the parent she so openly resembled. No doubt she studied beneath the discipline to which her proud spirit was subjected, but there was no appeal from that inexorable will, no meek tyranny.

Rosie was her sister's counterpart. The gossips said "she favored her father." She, too, was tall, but her figure was delicate and slight, and not portly, even when she had reached the age of eighteen. An exquisitely fair complexion, which showed the lights of the bloom of health, long rippling curls of jetty hair, and, above all, large eyes of sunny blue, of such the melting pleasure of dimples that lurked in another for her frequent smiles; a kindly, genial manner, a little timid and flustered at times, as though she had learned to fear the continuous display of natural feeling, a something sweet and winning that brought all hearts to her service—such was Rosie Armitage, in the fresh beauty of her youth.

Mrs. Armitage and Mary met with much respectful attention, but their lady with deference, they commanded it,—but for Rosie was love, a gift bestowed from the spontaneity of the hearts of all who looked upon her. A lovely One, she might have wondered through the world's wide wilderness unharmed.

But gentle, though powerful, as was Rosie's influence abroad, at home she was a sullky. Neither mother nor sister understood her, their powerful wills overrode her gentleness. Their Pharisaical piety, exact in every outward requirement, had little fellowship with that silent devotion of the heart and life's powers and faculties, to the service of God, which Rosie in her young mind made the sincerity and humility of her heart.

Rosie was very lonely in her home. Her mother was exact in the distribution of all external appointments. The sisters occupied separate rooms, each furnished precisely like the other. Their wardrobes were purchased at equal expense, and all things were meted out to them with the equal justice on which Mrs. Armitage prided herself.

To a stranger the position of the sisters in their mother's house would have seemed precisely the same. He would not see in all their equal service with which all Rosie's little enthusiasm were put down, how exquisite her delicate perceptions of truth were crushed under the tyranny of Mrs. Armitage's favorite dogma, how her fine, poetical intellect failed of appreciation or polishing in her home. Outwardly she was a timid, quiet girl, who, within the brilliant Mary, did not desire to shine, but evident advantages of such a home, and such society as her mother's house admitted her.

To the more observer all was fair and prosperous within the Armitage mansion. Great wealth, personal advantages of the highest order, a mansion well furnished, and not without its renown in the contemporaneous, belonged to Mrs. Armitage. Two beautiful daughters set beside her hearth, and by their youthful presence made winter cheerful, the otherwise gloomy precincts of her great house. The world's esteem was hers, though there were during seals who sometimes whispered mysterious tales of wrong against her; yet it was still in the proud prime of life, her stately beauty scarce impaired; she stood high in the church to which she belonged, and of which Mary was a communicant, though Rosie still delayed the public profession of the religion which her faith felt deeply, due to an abiding principle, ever inciting her to good words and works, with the humility that would not shrink from unworthily claiming the privileges of membership in the visible communion.

And yet there was a shadow upon the heart and life of this proud, stern woman—the shadow of a broken vow, of a plighted faith betrayed. There was a vacant place at her table and by her fireside, an empty chamber which no one entered, a grave, the dim utterance of one name in that household, that should have sounded on her lips.

Robert Armitage had left his mother's home at fourteen, and for ten years no tidings of him, save once or his welfare had reached her care. To the few to whom, in the early days of her widowhood, she had mentioned it, she had always justified the conduct that drove him from the roof that should have been his own, and made him a wanderer and an outcast.

She never spoke of the unnecessary severity of his discipline, of the constant thwarting of his boyish desires, of the stern reproof that followed every act of a will scarcely less imperious than her own, the bitter accusations met by firm denials, of the unjustful punishment inflicted without investigation into the truth of charges unfortunately ascertained to be false, but still justified to herself by the pride of the boy's want of respect and submission to her authority. She never spoke of the night he was sent to the days of surpassing and vain search that followed the discovery of his absence, of the unoccupied bed-chamber where he had been confined on prison fare days, with no other punishment than abstaining from him an acknowledgment of his imagined crime.

The search had proved useless and then, with the hardihood, Mrs. Armitage had never forgiven the mention of his name. His chamber—the chamber of his imprisonment—was closed, his plain furniture removed from the table, his neat bureau, his toy, and the miscellaneous lumber that such a lad accumulates, his drawer and his clothes, were packed away in the large garret, and henceforth in his home circle was the name of the dead—had to his last rest beneath the sod, instead of wandering alone over the face of the pitiless earth. But the terrible consciousness of wrong doing, though unacknowledged, was ever present to pursued Mrs. Armitage, embittering all her life.

She knew that she had broken the spirit of the young boy over whom she had authority. She had not "done justice" by her son, though, with all the miserable train of sophistries, she could find justification for the wrong.

She knew that to accommodate the name of Robert, as well as his memory, rested in the oblivion to which his mother's will would have consigned them. But Rosie, who had been the mere infant of a little pet and playmate, could not so easily forget him. He was the one of all the family who had called out her affection, and never spurned it: he had been the one to whom she had looked up with all the intensity of her loving nature. She had long sorrowed for him in childish grief, and when the wound had ceased to bleed, it was not, and never could be, wholly healed.

She it was who, at stated periods, stole away to the garret to examine and re-arrange Robert's toys, and to take possession of the few little boyish articles clothing, and hung it upon the rude beams and rafters to air, disposing of each, and over her task of love, and fondly lingering to recall in memory how the brave, handsome lad had looked in the various suits which were worn and faded, now swung tidy in the breeze that stole in by the open window.

She had never dared to confide to Mary her purpose, for that young lady stood in such awe of Mrs. Armitage with tales of Rosie's eccentricities, that usually took the opportunity of the absence of her mother and sister for her work. And sometimes she would claim the assistance of Dimmis Elgar, who had been a servant in the family from her Master Robert's birth, as the good creature would say, wiping the tears from her eyes whenever she with the corner of her clinched apron, and then the two would fall into long and confidential conversations about the absent one, so fondly remembered by both, and utter many a heartfelt prayer for his safe and speedy return. Little knew them that the object of their solicitude was living, in an unforgiving hatred, that kept the wanderer from his home.

Unhappy in her home, and longing ever for the absent one, Rosie strove to fill the void in her heart by a life of active benevolence. She was little to give more time, and that she gave freely, since her mother, on whom the pressure of her days should reflected, offered no hindrance, though she expressed no interest.

As unproved Sister of Mercy, Rosie was found in every house in Hazelford, where sorrow, want or pain had found entrance. Her mission was to cheer, to console, to alleviate, and well did she perform it. The blessing of those that "were ready to perish" attended her footsteps constantly, and eyes and voices alike attested the gratitude of those to whom she had been the friend of friends.

Rosie had one aged pensioner to whom she went weekly, carrying in her basket something to supply the old woman's temporal needs, and the little from which she was wont to read, in her sweet, clear tones, those passages best fitted to minister to the spiritual necessities of her hearer. This ancient woman lived quite in the outskirts of the village, in the cabin of her daughter, who was from Stratford, and Mrs. Armitage had often urged Rosie to go to her as early in the day as he was able always to reach home before nightfall. But she had readily promised to do so, and on the only occasion on which she had been lately absent, had accompanied home by the old woman's daughter, herself a woman advanced in years, who was left with and had the care of her aged parent.

Early one autumn afternoon, Rosie set out on her weekly visit to grandam Benton. With her little basket upon her arm, and thoroughly warm as of songs, and half recalled fragments of doleful ballads, she passed along the lonely country road, and arrived at her destination before she was aware that she had passed over half the distance, and absorbed half of the time. She found the aged invigorated by the fresh autumn air, and restless with unwonted activity. A great sun of a coverlay lay, filled her heart, she was little and happy as a child, and the pensive expression of her countenance was lost in the radiance of that wonderful smile.

It reminded with her all the time that, sitting by grandam Benton's bedside, she read to her the usual allowance of the Scripture order, a chapter, and when the lecture was finished, and Rosie had said farewell, and had gone out to the kitchen, she was not surprised at the look of mystery on Hepsey Benton's face, nor the mysterious whisper that followed. "Miss Rosie, you're wanted in the parlor, and you must go right in, for mother's very tired, and she's been lying down all the afternoon."

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"Is she?" said Rosie, somewhat startled, and with a great cry of joy, Rosie fell upon that manly breast, felt an empty chamber which no one entered, a grave, the dim utterance of one name in that household, that should have sounded on her lips.

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GETTING ACQUAINTED.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Very dissatisfiar are the appearances which people present to you from different points of approach.

Go into a town, a church, or a family, as a poor stranger, for whom no one particularly cares, and after staying a year or two in that character, depart, and when you are forgotten there (which will be in a few months), return in the character of a rich man's son or daughter, and as a person of literary (or some other) note, and observe the change of manner and address of all.

They do not seem to possess the same dispositions that they before exhibited. Considerations that before looked grim and hard, when your eyes rested on them, are now softened with coffee of cordiality at your approach. Everybody is ready to bow to you, to talk to you, to introduce you; you are not allowed to pine in loneliness, but are encouraged to enter freely into the most agreeable society there is to be found.

You are hardly able to believe that these are really the very same people who before passed you by as worthy of no other notice than to request you to wait upon their waiter or their widow. You are, perhaps, tempted to refer to those days, and to inquire what has wrought the change; but you do not like to be disagreeable, and therefore you keep silence. Most of those you can think, think, think! and when, perchance, you come across one of them when you were sick and weary, having, as wrongly supposed, no friend near for your comfort, you find you must cruelly, and find that he now makes it a point to pay the devoted to you, and that by dint of the self-bestowed title of "your old friend," and declares, before all the company, that you are so happy as to meet, that if there is "a power on earth" whose friendship he values, it is that of "your person," you are mute with amazement at the ways of this world; but you should never deeply think of it, for it is all part of the game of life. "Welcome, hollow, hollow!" and "How selfish and the man what they would have been in the case of man, who would live alway in such a world!"

But suppose that your entire, with neither disadvantages of poverty, nor the prestige of riches, a person in which you are not particularly known, and desire to make acquaintance with you: you are not likely to show to such person as you are desirous to contact with, that you are desirous (if you are) of their friendship. How cause the acquaintance.

Some receive you as frankly as you offer. Many, however, are so much afraid of you that they will make haste to show you some attention and request, that when they have done so, you will not trouble them to say, "Where are you? you promised to call."

Another tells you that your "knowledge of the world is very small," and that you "should go out and run from house to house and see."

He thinks you lack this knowledge because you have speak just as freely to a man who has been robbed by other men as to one who has been the better in some respects, and for worse in others, than you have been in any other. His opinion, then, is perfectly foolish one, founded in vanity and upheld by conceit. How should the lips which have a right to speak from the fullness of their heart to address any mortal man?

You get from another man one whose intercourse you had perhaps unlovely craved; you find that you have made wrong estimates, and while you are meditating thereupon, you are unexpectedly taken up and spoken to by that person in a manner to which you would never have dreamed of aspiring. Not because you were not good enough company for those who had spoken to you before, but because you were not good enough company for them—not, perhaps, in point of education, but as upright and honorable man, or woman, one in whose heart and conduct the fear of God and courtesy of the gospel, in its company for kings, princes, and all men in the right of the stranger for no one were not so, owing to be "a child of God," and then you hadn't sufficient respect for those people, standing so high in the ranks of earthly honor and wealth, would have any thoughts to spare for the stranger. The persons of the supposed three more wanting in magnanimity, more guided by the love of the world than the love of God.

Thus you are disappointed and surprised on all sides. Nothing turns out as you expected, and you never so lowly in station or name, are but things of the kingdom, which accept not the prayer, by their means, to wound "the stranger's heart."

LANGUAGES.

The last learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but few are aware how many probably far beyond the dreams of ordinary people. Six geographies, numerous eight hundred and sixty which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, or as dialects which may be regarded as distincts. Adelung, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up 3064 languages and dialects, which were known to him and used. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must remember that the existence of almost infinite minor diversities; for, in almost every country, we can find every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case through out the world at large. In the small and little islands, lying close together, in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the 860 distinct languages enumerated by Balbi, 53 belong to Europe, 116 to Africa, 558 to Asia, 423 to America, and 137 to Oceania, by which term he distinguishes the vast numbers of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America.

A SIGN AS IS A SIGN.

We think bad spellers will have little difficulty in understanding the following sign, which was taken from a store door in a commercial town in California:

FINE HAT. HEAR.

Hat & Shoes, Mixtures, Whoopee, Pats & Shoes, sockets, pipes, an tobbie, scrutors, clocks, hose skirts, cider, tweedy, hats, shoulder, hats, caps, coverings, portaries, & shoe no wear; bunnies a lot of other things which was mentioned here.

POSTED.

THIS SAIL HOUSE IS BOOT COUNTRY BY THE QUOIS.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

ONE COPY weekly—Single copies, 6½ per annum; two copies, $11; four copies, $20; eight copies, $35. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $3.50. The Ledger will be sent for a club of eight copies, and one as one time, if all the names are sent in at one time, and the money is sent. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The name of all persons paying Canada postage is put on. When a club or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the club or money's not coming.

ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to the proprietor of the NEW LEDGER office, 44, 46 and 48 Ann street, New York. We call attention to this notice, because when parties write earlier to any agent, always put your name and address on the outside, and be careful to give the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. Every person presents hereafter to act as such has not put into them as a swindler.

ASSASSINATION.

Assassination is one of the most detestable of crimes. To meet an enemy openly, and slay him in martial combat, is far enough from the divine that is supposed to temper—often extremely leniently—our common humanity; but to prowl secretly on the track of murder; to carry purposes of death in broad day-light; to use the unsuspecting, as one's beast, with a poniard under the shoulder, is a depth in the abyss of wickedness, or a grenade in the hand, to smite some one at unawares, this is the fiendish work to which the wits of man were ever put. Under whatever name or variety of "Thugs," "Assassins of the Mountain," or Italian bravoes, blended as any may chance in Venice, Naples, or Rome, to do murder for a pittance, the whole class are accursed under the common law of Christianity, and of every decent civilization.

Yet, though dreaded, its recurrence is rare as now, there has been more or less resort in every age to this atrocious method of revenging, avenging, and pushing ambitious persons out of the way. Lawyers have accumulated their rivals; Statesmen have not overlooked the utilities as a means of political power. Kings have been as little scrupulous as any, to work their purposes by the grosser manners have obtained their knightly crowns by "stabs in the dark;" the priest in his choice has consecrated the cold-blooded remedy; and even woman, has not been free from the assassin's brand. But no secret there, not even that of Borgia, has ever redeemed the assassin's trade. All right-minded persons, whatever the circumstances, must feel a horror of this species of murder.

Still, if we allow ourselves a little casuistry in pleading, we can easily point out exigences when the man had to be saved from himself, and no means could be found, a good friend could, on occasion, stand at the right hand of the Lord, and, in the sacrifice of Christian principles and civilized prejudices. It is not seldom—it is, at least, in the main laws, in the past—that tyrants and oppressor so hedge themselves about with defensive armor of the constitution and rage of justly incensed peoples, that redress can only come from under the conspirator's robe. The spirit of revolution, smothered down by its last, dampening resort, flies to the dagger, which it would otherwise have scorned. This is very apt to be the case when the arms of conspiracy, and the support of assassination. Many good men in palace and fortress could attest that the tyrant courted the secret steel that pierced his heart. Nevertheless, even such instances are not to be accredited of a merger, rather than a civilized spirit—man.

As to the recent attempt to destroy the sovereign of France, it cannot be justified even by necessity. Admitting the wrongs and infamies charged upon Louis Napoleon, there is no proof that the French people desired, or would have been benefited by his murder. The attempt was that of aliens, with grievances no doubt to revenge at home, and who laid themselves open to the condemnation of all laws worthy of civilized life. That Louis Napoleon ought to be the very last to complain of treason, conspiracy, and assassination—of whatever sort—for of all eminent living men, he has set more examples in these very directions. A membership in the "Carbonari" made him a child of 24 a secret conspirator; his attempts against the throne and person of France occupied years of his life; his associations being on foreign (English and Swiss) soil; while his acts of treason in attempting futile and unlike to Frasce so that) are too many to require specification. He should be ashamed of his own so far and well escaped the natural fruit of his own examples.

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.

It has not unfrequently been the case that revivals have run the boundaries of some one sect, or some section of the country, and that, as they have the whole people, of all sects and with all regard to sect, save, then, the shrivel up—and that, too, without any of the ranting and fanaticism which have so often provoked the scorn of the world and pollution the name of religion. It is doubtful if Christendom has ever presented a similar wide-spread, calm and deep interest on the subject, either in or out of the church. We only hope that this serious and sincere hour's extent with any and every rational expressions—may continue with our people, and spread over all the earth. Surely praying is better than cursing, and humility becomes us preferable beings better than pride. Before such a spirit as this, even the opprobrium ignorance, and want would soon perish.

BANK DEFALCATIONS

Is it not strange that a bank officer, as in a case recently brought to light in this city, can go on defrauding the institution for ten or fifteen years without exciting suspicion? What a book keeper should that be allowed to swindle a bank to that extent, and still pay off five thousand dollars is really astounding, and shake one's faith in the intelligence and capacity of all the officers of the institution. Who would care to invest money in bank stock, when such flagrant institution to their duties is exhibited by those on whom the solvency and the success of the bank mainly depend? The officers of our banks must pay less attention to their "refreshments" and outside speculations, and devote more time to the discharge of those duties for which they pay themselves such liberal salaries, if they would retain the confidence of the community.

DEATH.

Universal as is death, so familiarity with the grim phantom can quench its inspiration of human horror. Of itself, it is altogether forbidding and ugly; cold, silent and terrible. An intruder and a robber, it steals upon our busy hours and upon our solitudes, and plucks down our power and joy, giving no darkness for light, and a fountain of bitterness for the sweet waters of life. Here because of death than of all things else, "man was made to mourn"—for of all things, death most touches man his mortality, his brotherhood, his nothing the spring of his love, his sympathy and his sorrow. Yet there are those who affect that to them death brings no shock, no grief. Hedged about by fanatical consolations—born of savage ignorance rather than of generous humanity—they mock at the common sensibilities. They cry out in their pride and self-sufficiency—alas! how feeble when comes the inevitable hour—"Why mourn? In such a case, such circumstances we do not mourn."

That argument, true in fact, is a poor, cruel philosophy for present, complaining grief. It receives the emotions of nature into the stolidism of art; it puts original life into the form of the cunned dirdge of from the heart. The trained reed may return by tongue to its place, but the same lips bitterly kissed on its side. We are mortal in our sympathies as in our strength, and we have been given to wrestle with fate, and laugh at its scorners blow; nor, bound to the rock, can we smile with Prometheus upon the vulture. We are not made above our vitals. If there was aught to love in life, there is something to mourn in death; if pleasure was beautiful, absence is not. The clouds cause us to murmur while they pass, and the tree that casts a shadow our souls in being frosted, and the drops of venture on the hillside, with the dight of summer birds, fills us with spontaneous regret. Are our "dearer links of affection," that have taken from us, to be severed by a moment's "close communion" with us, less lovely than sunshine, and flowers, and birds, and the green woodlands?

Speak out, morning heart, thou art right in thy human utterance against calamitous death. Hast thou observed a mother, with her babe on her arm, trampled a flower that paled the rose, withdrawn a violence than no "tears for dew" can restore, and hushed a murmur to our ears than all the leafy rustle of the woods. Death will not cease, any more than the sun, to be "the great eyeball of this earth." Our eyes must battle with its rising against the winter fast flowers—all the flowers of the spring—and the sweet sounds of the brooks leap under the laughing sun, will returned life, surely the soul of man shall burst the bonds of death, and live again, eternal and for mortal.

A SOCIAL RARITY.

Beautiful is fruitions! In habitual one gives the impression of a rarity. Such is the case with Mr. Bonner.

And yet behold how rare a quality it is. Deception is the order of the day. It enters into all the affairs of life. It is practised in the parlor, the lap-room, the court-room, and, in brief, everywhere. As to business concerns, it notoriously enters on almost every transaction. Men are afraid to be honest. They look upon it as a sign of weakness, and think that to be successful in life they must be cunning and wary. Hence it is that there is sufficient fresh in the element to justify the remark of Falstaff, that the world is "given to lying."

So uncommon, indeed, is candor, that the exhibition of it in every-day life is the source of a striking example is recorded of the famous Spanish General Gonsalvo. When he passed through Naples in 1504, he was invited to partake of the hospitality of the King. The latter, desirous of the Spanish nation what plan of operations against the Dutch, and his contemplated campaign, he had received from his spies, and was desirous of learning the whole of his programme to the king. The latter, who was in the interest of the Dutch, immediately wrote a letter to the Prince of Orange, in which he communicated the whole of the plan of campaign. But at the same time he advised the prince to put no faith in it, giving it as his opinion that Gonsalvo, under conditions, to have he had not previously secured, would never have disclosed his real plans. But he had done so, in order that he fulfilled every word he had spoken in the execution of the plans he had communicated!

Spinola, when questioned as to his reasons for his candor, replied that he had nothing to fear, and he knew the treacherous king would not believe him. The comment which Prince Maurice made upon this, was, that it would now be called, has a valuable lesson in it: "Others," said he, deceive me with falsehood, but Spinola has deceived me with the truth!"

SELF-RELIANCE

It is a good thing to advise with experienced friends, and to consult those who have had a large and larger experience—or to take counsel, which is the same process—from the wisest and best minds of counselors there is safety. According to which, the more trustworthy friends we counsel with, the better.

And yet advice-seeking may become a great evil. It often does so. It is a habit with many of seekers. It is apt to degenerate into a weakness. When it gives evidence of such a tendency, it is, indeed, that the seeker of the opinions of others has no opinions of his own.—" no mind of his own," as the popular phrase runs. Self-reliance accomplishes the mind, and renders it more and more reliable for individual purposes in the hour of religion. In doubt, or prosperity. From which it follows that self-reliance is the source of great individual efficacy and success in human action, as a general rule, than anything else.

The fact is, advice-taking, to the common acceptance of the phrase, is a fool's habit. We mean going to and so, upon the more word of counsel, without consideration. And such is the habit of those who accept the counsel, "wait, and sit advice," as the highest evidence of wisdom in the adviser, and of real friendship as well. And how often such have discovered their mistake when it was too late!

It was among the wise sayings of that wise man, Benjamin Franklin, that "we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." Something that any conduct in which certainty of right action is alone to be attained, and to which one of the most philosophical writers of the day has given his sanction with the exclamation, "Welcome, creature, to goods and men, is the self-relying man!"

Until there are fewer false friends and flatterers around us, who seek to discover the desire of the advice-seeker, only to further it as such, advice will prove no gain, since to those who go in search of it gratuitously, as so many week-minded and over-confidence people do, to their ruin.

The greatest misfortune of life is old age without the remembrance of virtue.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE BABY IN THE CAR.

There is nothing in nature more curious than the quantity of a little baby. That self-poised, dignified, thoughtful calmness, which you may try in vain to counterfeit or imitate. So I thought to-day, as I sat in the cars, looking, as if for a book, at the opposite seat. There, with wide open eyes, that were taking me with intuitive persistence and inquisitiveness, I might have looked forever. No calling up a blush or a frown could turn them in fearing away from the little fresh baby on the knee of her own original, and all sunnie like that, too hastily. Little Bloomies from new contamination, and its pure fresh, rich, indigo-blue hood, and lofted cloak, were the livery of shame as well as poverty. No. Ma'am and not her baby dressed in such coarse finery, which leaves on with infancy, and only mocks us again at the tomb, and which the most untutored creature in the world would dress her child inside before, as if God himself were looking into the heart of man.

August baptism! Majestic yet helpless! Immortal yet wasting as! Big with all the wise will thoughts of the virulence eloquence has enlisted down to repeated heart! Who shall number the hairs of a head, or by the unconscious fingers of tiny sisters hand, or make mention of the swiftness of a footfall, or the sound of a voice, or the mortal throne with which she who gave them birth number day after day? Yet all these are in the darkness! And with not the angels see the cradle, and the mother, and the grave! Not from the grave had them drawn after the the mother, with fervency, and hushed to the sleep of the Redeemer, and yet, growing and stumbling, follows the good shepherd, who looks lovingly back, as he hides her in his bosom.

TO MY LITTLE MOTHER FRIENDS.

I want to say a few words to the little children who write me such nice letters.

Some of you live in the south New York, some at a great distance from it. I should be very glad, and I think, you would be very glad to see me, dear, many long letters; but how is this possible? If I have many letters to write, I shall not be able to answer them. Besides, I have so much to make your free, cheerful and happy, that I have not time to answer many other calls upon my time, of which you know nothing. Like papa and mamma, like children. They sometimes say, "Oh, do throw away that tiresome paper, and talk with us!" And I say, "Yes, presently." But still I have to keep on writing. So you must be very good children, and, especially, very much mind what I say, and not last long. I must attempt to write every day. I should fly up the chimney, or through the roof, like a witch. But for all that I cannot write every day, and I will never wrote to me; and although I cannot answer, I always please me to hear from you. I want you to believe this, and write me whenever you like it.

FANNY FERN.

IF YOU HAVE A HOME, STAY THERE!

O, you! If you have a home in the country, stay there! If you have a comfortable home, be content with it, and hope of advancing in the world, and bettering your condition. Although what you may read or hear of a city life, in connection with business success, you must not imagine yourself here in the full enjoyment of the many luxuries and comforts which you have in the country metropolis, hard is not. Turn a deaf ear to the tempter, and stay at home, where rural quiet and rural pleasures abound, and where you are not vexatious amidst the thousands of wicked men and women who live here. Many young men are literally overrun with adventurers, who recognize their unsophisticated appearance at once, and who are destroy the chances of persons just from the country, who are looking for employment. Every other employer advertises for a person to assist in his establishment, he immediately has applications by the dozen, all ready and anxious for any kind of employment, no matter how small may be the salary. Many young men and persons are tempted, perhaps fifty, or even a hundred miles from home. And, alas! how many thousands who are fortunate enough to have permanent places, not one quarter receive anything like a living salary! Then there are the hundreds of those who have gold trades and valuable professions, but mean and make themselves miserably useful," as it is termed—such as are obliged to work for almost nothing, and they can get it. In the class of operatives who, all their life-time, on the most meagre wages. Then there are the old ones, young men or young women, how you have a home in the country to try living in the city. Many persons who have left a home in the country, without a master adviser or friend to guide you and uphold you in your temptations and trials. You have never known what it is to mingle with the world, and you are liable to be taken in every quarter of the globe, who are all making money when and so they get out of whom will even be found a word of encouragement or a kind look, day after day, until your small means are entirely exhausted, and you find yourself homeless stranger. Neither do you understand how to obtain employment, and you look around the country board, and who are so lucky as to find employment for a few, are led on step by step, by strong temptations, until they call their days in a prison, or on the scaffold—or die in the most miserable poverty, and are unknown to the world. We could go on and write a large volume of the many touching pictures of misfortune and the uncertainties of city life, while you are blessed with a home, relatives, or true friends in the country. If you can live anywhere, it is in the country, where your means will be few, and your happiness many comparatively.

IF we do not appear to advantage, we shall fail into contempt.

NEVER was a truer sentiment uttered; and yet how many go mad for indulging in invention against the evils of mankind. What would any of us be without ambition? Here drones.

HAVE courage my mirror, and, forlog my eyes on it, I perceive a many defects in myself, that I easily forgive those of others.

HONESTY IN MERCANTILE LIFE.

MR. HENRY HOLMES.—*Dear Sir*—I have been very busy since the receipt of your note, consequently you will excuse the lie not answering it before.

Your paper continually reads "honesty is the best policy," but as far as acquiring wealth in mercantile business is concerned, I am satisfied it is a false doctrine. You will find very few strictly honest and truthful men who are successful in business. I do not say that I am strictly honest myself, on the contrary of every day and character. The clerk, who is the greatest adept in deception, always sets the most value upon himself, and consequently, has the greatest partnership to some wealthy house, or his extensive acquaintance makes him a valuable man to business.

However, you know I believe in a "good time coming," when honest men only will be successful, and which will last longer than life, therefore I choose rather to be honest and poor, than dishonest and rich.

The above is a private letter that we received from a friend last week from one of our down-town merchants. We have taken the liberty of publishing it, omitting the name. The writer we firmly believe to be a purely honest and upright man; but, like a young baby "crossed in love," he is evidently soured with the world; or, rather, it would seem from the tone of his letter that he has not met with the proper degree of success which has attended "liars" and "sharpers" and therefore he comes to the conclusion that the old adage of "honesty is the best policy" is *a false*! Not so fast, friend. Don't give up the ship and quit man like that, too hastily. It may be true that you have not transacted as large or as profitable a business as some of your less scrupulous neighbors; but has it not occurred to you that the latter are gathering to themselves not of their fingers as suddenly as it was accumulated? Do you suppose that the blessing of the All-Wise will rest upon them and their business? Do you not know that, in the words of the "sweet singer of Israel"

"A little with a just man
Is more and better far
Than is the wealth of many such
As false and wicked are?"

You have a long life before you, (if you should live to a good old age,) and although your worldly way is mountain steep, still for ought we know they may keep on gradually increasing and multiplying until they reach the summit in as much as those of the hypocritical scoundrels who will pin their "conscience" into their pockets and be rewarded for it by the almighty dollar next.

We grieve that our friend should call in question the truth of the saying, "honesty is the best policy" fills. His logic is somewhat at fault. He says:

"You see so many dishonest men around you who are successful. Such men are always too truthful. Honesty is not the means of every day success in life."

We can't exactly agree with this. It does not necessarily follow that successful men are not truthful. An honest man should understand his business as well as a "sharper;" indeed, he should be the more successful of the two.

It is gratifying, however, to know that our friend is determined to be *honest and true* in spite of the mood not have told us that. We think we know him quite well to suppose he would not be willing to deviate from the paths of rectitude and honesty. Let him persevere in his own straightforward course, and he will one day become convinced that "honesty is the best policy," and that the Lincoln have propagated false doctrine.

OFFT ENTREPRIES SWINDLES BROKEN UP.

Our readers will recollect that several weeks since we exposed an impudent attempt made by C. B. Todd & Co., of 333 Broome street,* to get out of a Sheriff's sale the property of Mr. Wm. Clements, in which they had invested a large sum of money, and which was sold under a regular execution. Many country editors complained of us for thus publicly attacking said concern, and threatened to be tempted to offer our damaging statement by extravagant puffs in their own journals of C. B. Todd & Co. Within a short time, however, the Mayor of the city has placed this matter beyond doubt by arresting the whole swindling concern, per the name of "C. E. Todd & Co," seizing their books, account, pens, inks, and "sanctum," and their letters containing hundreds of dollars from deluded victims, and holding the principal to bail in the sum of one thousand dollars.

Sergeant Hervey, of the Mayor's Police, who had charge of the affair, arrested the leading members of such consummate skill as completely to break up the whole swindling concern, and clearly vouch the "gift enterprise of C. B. Todd & Co., 333 Broome st. is a hoax. There are many other similar concerns in this city, which Sergeant Hervey has got hold of and will soon break up. An extensive swindle of the same order was not long since exposed in New Orleans, after the public had been swindled to the extent of over $100,000, and we hear of others still in various cities of the Union. We only ask success for parties in pursuit of such and money to "give away" to deluded country editors.

* The shop occupied became in triumph shall serve, Over the head of the foe and the house of the brave."

GALLANTRY.

There is not half the gallantry of manners there used to be some fifty years ago. Then the gentleman only left his hat to a lady—then, the hat was positively removed from the head, and the gentleman made his bow uncovered. Now, the gentleman only takes a remark from her ruby lips, and hardly looks up to the face. Then, he dropped his cane to "smack," and never drew a long breath for half an hour. Now, he draws his cigar-case, and lights up her loose close-string. Now, she puts her foot on the fender to tie the string, with a gape, and relieves the foot without any response, except a tight squeeze. We are growing barbarous!

* The Porte (Fr.) *Napoléon* states that a gentleman in that town has become insane from his admission to a young lady, asked her hand in marriage, which was refused. He was not accepted, and the reason of it she still resolved to be not; he would commit suicide. She informed him such an alternative would not influence her in the least. So he loaded a gun, and standing in front of the house, placed the muzzle to his mouth, and with his toe pulled the trigger. The lady stood at the door and witnessed the whole transaction.

We think that the result conclusively proved that the young girl was right in refusing such a simpleton. The man who would blow his brains out, simply because a girl refused to "have him" is not fit to be a husband.

WOMEN, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. B. PRENTICE.

WOMEN, who ingenious their influence to depend upon their personal attractions, naturally seek to preserve their youth. And it is their power to do so, for she who preserves her youth preserves the confirmating power of it, but as men are generally estimated by their moral and intellectual qualities rather than by their physical, they are apt to be careless of preserving their youth beyond the prime of twenty, there is something very contemptible in a male beauty of forty. He pervades, however, a few fools, with the exception of one individual, who has obtained an immortality of notoriety by his fatuity, and who has no chronology for men and women at or beyond the meridian of life.

An antiquary is very likely to be a collector of valuable coins, rare earth artifacts, or a recollector of all that the world has been glad to forget. His duties operate upon the past, and consequently he is apt to undervalue the present, and to attach undue importance to them, in exact proportion to their former insignificance. When a worship of the ancients was enjoying the French reckoning with a denial of the comparative prizes of contemporaries as curious remains presented, he remarked, sad, "our friend knows the value of everything but time."

To be angry is to punish ourselves for the fault of another; or to commit an additional error if we are innocent of our own violations. In either case, wrath or aggravate, but was never known to diminish our annoyance.

Many have been the wonders of women, and many the hazard when the latter engage in business, and that, too the best, that knows their capacities and their weaknesses, and has had a single injury. Yet certain must the wish is often fulfilled.

An ignorant but well-meaning man having been placed on the commission of the peace in a rural district in New England, declared, on taking his seat on the bench, that it would, indeed, be his most anxious endeavor to do justice between the parties. "What is all, my friends," he replied; "but you and I are now but one; and, to my friend Lem, I always get enough when I get mine."

WIT in an influential form was displayed by the Duke of Wellington, who, expected to be a candidate for a seat in Parliament, was asked what he would do if he should be returned with such a majority as every other candidate should be defeated. "Why," he replied, "I should be very much embarrassed."

A SCOTCH gentleman having married a lady who had been twice married before, and who had been twice married before, and who had been twice married before, and

NELLIE

BY ALICE CARY.

We told our poor sick Nellie,
To think from our hearts in the grave,
What pain we can bear and be happy
When she should be well again.

We would play at "ride-and-seek," we said,
Were they finished the great slave-castle,
Of stuff no thief could break.

And when we gathered the apples,
He said, in the white apple season,
He also stole apples should be filled
With the redness of them all.

And when we had a winter fire
In the parlor, low and bare,
Why, she should have the warmest place,
And the painted rocking-chair!

But the new frosh, gay with ruffles
From her shoulder-shadows fell,
When we held her up and tied it,
As if it could make her well.

She never rocked in the painted chair,
Nor went to the castle to play;
The grass has grown between her feet
All sweet, this many a day.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND SUCCESSFUL INTRIGUE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TWO VILLAGE FETES AGAINST EACH OTHER.

Mr. Andrew Slice—who, since his return home, had laid aside his suit of black, till circumstances should again render a visit to London necessary, and donned his usual attire—was seated in the little oak-panelled room in the Home Farm, which served him for an office. Upon the table before him lay his cash-book, copies of leases, receipts, bills, and, in short, all the miscellaneous papers which belong to a large property, and the management of it.

The furniture, like the domain, was exceedingly old-fashioned; half a dozen high-backed chairs, covered with faded brocade, which, in the days of Queen Anne—or the first George, perhaps, had been in its freshest glory—one or two cabinets, and a large oak suit of such massive construction, that it would require the united strength of half a dozen men even to move it.

The air of the best-named piece of furniture, if it might be called so, was open, and disclosed a miscellaneous collection of documents of all sizes, carefully sealed, papers labeled, and a variety of articles of plate, tarnished for want of use.

On the top of the chest was a parchment carefully folded; it had all the appearance of a will; this parchment the old man took up and read through once or twice, without uttering a word by way of comment. While thus occupied, his brother entered the room. He sailed his and stealthy ways his footsteps, and so absorbed the attention of the reader, that the latter failed to perceive he was no longer alone; the labrador took a seat and regarded him attentively. The chair creaked as he sat on it, but even this failed to attract the attention of the steward.

"Twelve years," murmured the old man, aloud, "and Allen Boothroyd's debt would have been of age."

The convict noted every word he uttered.

"And so Sir Norman's death has entitled to half the estate. I don't see why I should content myself with less."

"Nor I," thought the intruder.

"Nor will I. I have earned it by my silence the long years I have waited for the enjoyment. What can Sir Norman or his wife object or complain of? Allen will be rich—too rich for a girl—and I spare them the ignominy of an exposure—of bidding them up to the scene of the night—of screening them probably from the hand of justice. No, no; it must be half; not a penny less, I am resolved upon it."

"I also," cried the listener, affected Mike, aloud.

His brother dropped the parchment hastily into the iron chest, and closed the lid before turning round to ascertain who it was who had dared to intrude upon his privacy; for it was an understood thing in the Home Farm, that when occupied in the oak room none should break in upon his privacy.

"Who is it?" he cried.

"Andrew!"

Such was the exclamation which broke from the lips of the two brothers, who, having uttered them, stood for some time surveying each other in silence. The countenance of the steward expressed rage and mortification at being thus followed, as it were, to his lair. The features of the convict, on the contrary, denoted extreme pleasure at having outwitted, as he considered, the prudent, cautious Andrew.

"You here!" exclaimed the former, after a pause.

"Yes. I told you I should find you out."

"You did," answered the steward, bitterly.

"And I have kept my promise."

"You have," muttered his brother, in the same tones.

"You see, Andrew," said his visitor, "after the loss of that blessed child, whom I believe to be naturally as if it had been my own, I felt quite desirous that in the old place in the Belvedere-road, it were no silent and solitary, especially at night, when the wind howled round the chimney and gables, making the most amazing sounds, just as she used to do. The fact is, I could stand it no longer, so I sold the furniture—it didn't fetch so much, I promise you—and started to see you; couldn't keep away any longer."

"And what do you expect to find here?"

"Myself," replied the convict, boldly, "and so I would have given you had you come to me," said," said Mike, "I am tired of living alone. We are brothers—comfort is to be our common pair."

"You are mistaken, then," said Mr. Andrew Slice, striking the table before him with his clenched hands. "This house is not mine. I have no home to share with you, and if I had——"

"You would refuse it?"

"Exactly."

"You think so," answered Mike, in a mocking tone, "you only think so. Your heart is better, much better than you give it credit for being. For to that end, I should forgot that we are twin brothers, go to the nearest magistrate, and make oath that Andrew Slice, the steward of Sir Norman Boothroyd, came to me on a certain day, and made arrangements for my receiving the stolen child of Allen Boothroyd, the co-heiress of this estate here. Lady Boothroyd brought her to me, and agreed to pay me fifty pounds a year for keeping her, and five hundred in the event of her death."

"The daughter of Allen Boothroyd," repeated the steward, turning exceedingly pale.

Mike nodded in the affirmative.

"The co-heiress of this estate?"

"You said so yourself.

"This would lead to an investigation which neither you nor your minister would come out of with clean hands," resumed the convict. "Child stealing is a serious offence, and she's no more allowable in the rich than the poor."

"And where did you learn this pretty romantic story?" demanded the steward, trying to look unconcerned.

"Partly in the cottage from Simon Gee."

"You have seen him?"

"And spoken with him," replied his brother, "and partly from your own lips."

"And have you no more to say?"

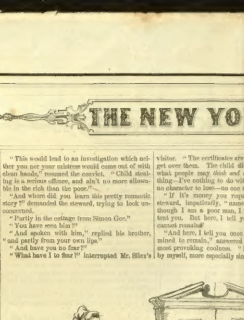
"What have I to fear?" interrupted Mr. Slice's visitor. "The certificates are all right; you can't get over them. The child died a natural death; what people may think and say is quite another thing—I've nothing to do with that. I ain't got no character to lose—no one respects me."

"If it's money you require," exclaimed the steward, impatiently, "name the sum, and, although I am a poor man, I will, if possible, comply with you. But here, I tell you once for all, you cannot remain!"

"And I tell you once for all, I am determined to remain," answered his visitor, with the most provoking coolness. "I am tired of living by myself, more especially since Jack left me. In London no one will associate with me, for all the respectable know that I am an returned convict. If I change my abode, it is the same thing—the police are sure to whisper it; but here in the country, residing with you, acknowledged as your brother, who would venture to suppose such a thing, or, if they did, so breathe it? Ain't you quite as much lord of the manor as Sir Norman Boothroyd himself?"

"You had better take my offer," said Mr. Slice.

"I tell you I will not take it. It's a home I seek. I want to be respectable again, and share in no other way of living than by doing good to. You know the consequences if you refuse me."



ANDREW SLICE INTRODUCES MIKE TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

The features of the steward, which, during the discussion, had grown exceedingly red, now turned very pale, and more or less he wiped the drops of cold perspiration from his brow with the back of his long bony hand, the same hand whose nervous grasp had so startled the nervous system of Jack, when he placed it screwingly upon his neck.

"It is in vain to struggle with our destiny," he said; "I submit!"

"And am I to remain here?"

"Whose such is your choice, as evil can, I fear, be both of us."

The tone in which the permission was granted, and the observation which accompanied it, did not escape the notice of Mike, who recollected the warning Jack had given him on the night of his being forcibly sent to sea.

"Look you, brother!" he exclaimed, "a fair play!"

"What do you mean?"

"That I am not to be dealt with as cunningly as——"

"You dealt with Lillian," interrupted the steward. "Is that your meaning, fool? If I had any such wish or intention, I should have welcomed you, instead of refusing you an asylum beneath my roof. It is I, and not you, who have to fear. Have you forgotten what the boy Jack said about the arrest?"

It was Mike's turn to look confused.

The warning had not been kept upon me. Hence arose my objection, that is to say, my elder one, to your remaining. There can be no confidence between us, nothing but mistrust and terror. You will do well, therefore, to reflect before you decide."

"I have reflected."

"And decided?"

"Yes."

The tenant of the Home Farm rang the bell. It was answered by a middle-aged female, to judge from her appearance, a very decent person.

Her iron gray hair, being worn over a roll, displayed to its full extent a lofty, wrinkled forehead. Her eyes were dark, and dropped in the head, but it was to the credit that the expression of determination was more particularly displayed; in fact, the development altogether seemed accounted to formerly, so that were the lips and so slightly was to face. Her dress was drawn over the inferior one.

"Margaret," said her master, "my brother has arrived."

The woman regarded Mike long and curiously.

"You will prepare a chamber for him?"

"Which?"

"The one over the north porch."

"It has not been slept in since——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Mr. Slice, hastily; "but you can see to its being well aired. My brother likes smoking, and will remain here for some time, it will be as well to arrange for his accommodation at once."

The woman withdrew with a dissatisfied air. It was evident that, whatever her master might do, she anticipated no great pleasure from the presence of an additional inmate at the Home Farm.

"Umph!" muttered Mike, as Margaret withdrew; "rather a singular looking person for a bachelor's housekeeper. I should have preferred a youngster."

"She suits me," replied his brother.

"And a better tempered one."

"I find her obedient enough. But never mind my domestic arrangements; you must be content to take them just as they are. I am too old and too much accustomed to them to change, even for the pleasure of your society. You will not complain of her manner long; soon be used to it."

There was something so like a sneer in the last observation, that Mike angrily asked himself whether it did not mean a covert threat—in fact, began to apprehend that there might be more danger in the housekeeper than in her master, and determined to be upon his guard against both.

"Have you any luggage?" inquired Andrew Slice.

Mike muttered something about if bundle which he had left at the village inn, where he had slept the preceding night. A messenger was sent for it, with directions also to pay the bill, and answer no inquiries.

"Whilst you remain here," said the steward, addressing his unwelcome visitor, "it is my wish and advice that you frequent the village inn as little as possible, and make no acquaintance with the inhabitants of St. Faith's."

"For fear I should hear how rich you are!" exclaimed Mike, with a grin.

"For fear your having been a transported felon should be thrown in your teeth," replied his brother, coldly. "You are sufficiently aware of the singular circumstance unknown; a servant of the late baronet, named Hoffman, who was living with a brother a thief, in the Manor Court, before all the tenants."

"And what did you do—disclosure him?"

The steward smiled, and shook his head negatively.

"That would not have been revenge," he said. "You are right."

"What became of him?"

"He raised himself!"

"How so?"

"Turned thief. A considerable quantity of plate disappeared from the Hall. This occurred a year or two after the scene in the Manor Court. At first, it was supposed the house had been robbed. Information was sent for from London. They soon discovered that the thief was one of the household, and recommended the trunks of all the servants to be searched."

"And your theft?"

"Yes."

"And the plate?"

"Was never arrested in the box of the very man who had remounted me with having a brother a convict!" exclaimed Mike, fiercely. "Now I think I shall never forget how strangely he asserted his innocence. My master and I did all we could to save him; but it was of no use. The laws were very severe in those days; and as they hanged him, Mike, for a breach of trust."

The returned convict gave a low chuckle. The speaker looked at him with such well-affected surprise, that the disposition to mirth increased, and he indulged in a little more than a mere laugh.

"Capital!" exclaimed Mike, as soon as he could speak, "capital! Why, you are full of spirits to-night."

"What was capital?" demanded his brother, with well-acted astonishment, as if he had been marveling at the stupidity of his companion in the world.

"Why, hanging—the fellow, to be sure," was the reply.

"I did not hang him."

"Nay with your own hands," observed Mike; "of course you did not, but you gave the due information; but you did the second-best his most quiet and gentlemanly way. I'll be bound you'll find the plate in the banister's trunk, eh?"

"Nothing of the kind," answered the steward, calmly. "I was absent from Maddeton when the event occurred—had been so for some time, on business for my late master, and only returned a day or two after the discovery. I bore the wretched man no ill-will—why should I? It was the fault told, and I had always a great respect for the truth. I was in London when he died."

"And you did not attend his funeral?" "Why give you a proof that I entertained no resentment nor ill-will, on the score? I made no such claim, but in my conduct towards his widow, who has remained with me ever since."

His brother gave a long, low whistle.—"Where?" he asked—in full when sailing struck him in a new light, or broke suddenly upon his comprehension.

"Well," he said, "that was kind, exceedingly kind. I scarcely gave you credit for so much benevolence. And so the widow has remained with you ever since?"

"Yes."

"In what capacity?"

"As housekeeper!"

"The woman I have just seen?"

"The same," said the steward.

The peculiar sound was repeated. Mike now re-imagined he saw, which with his was much the same thing—a new light on the whole affair. His brother had imitated the woman, he decided not, to place the plate in her husband's trunk, and permitted him to suffer for it. And he began to think he had carried impudence to its utmost limit, when the hands of two such very decided personages. Evidently it was not a little they would hesitate at, to remove any one from their path that interfered either with their interests or safety.

Perhaps he was right; but time will decide whether he was or not.

Our readers doubtless will naturally ask what could have been the motive of Mr. Andrew Slice in making this extraordinary confession—a confession which he must have known would indelibly excite the suspicions of his brother. A little reflection will give a clue to his mode of reasoning.

Mike was naturally of a bitter, sarcastic temper, and he well knew would not fail to make many pointed and disagreeable allusions to his housekeeper's indulge in hints that must naturally create a feeling, both of hostility and alarm, and consequently predispose her to assist him in any project he might entertain against him; for Margaret still can forgive neither an insult or an injury.

He was not wrong in his calculations.

The first time her master hinted to her his intention regarding his brother, the woman could not have anything to do with the affair, which, as she said, was none of hers: Mike had never offended her.

Slice smiled.

"When he has," she added, "it will be quite time enough for me to take part against him; besides, he is not your brother!"

Her master might have asked whether the sense which death they had composed between them—for the convict's suspicions of the transaction were founded on truth—had not been her husband; but his fortune. He had no wish to arouse an ill-feeling against himself, Margaret being the only person in the world, perhaps, whom he feared to espouse.

He had not long to wait; the scheme worked as he could have wished.

One morning his housekeeper sought him in the oak room alone, which she, of all the servants enjoyed on the Home Farm, alone presumed to enter. Her features were more than usually pale; but there was a fire in her deep-sunken dark eyes which lit them up with an expression yet more terrible than their fullness.

"Well, Margaret," said the steward; "what is it?"

"I have been insulted," replied the woman.

"By your brother-in-law?"

"By your brother."

Her master might have asked whether the sense whose death they had composed between them—

"I am not your servant," repeated Andrew. "You are unreasonable. What interest am I possibly have in quarreling with my family for?"

"Who else could have told him my tale?" demanded the housekeeper, fixing her flashing eyes upon his face.

"The first person in the village," replied her master, "who he questioned upon the subject. Why affect this surprise? Your furious jealousy of your husband, your threats of revenge against him are well known. There is not an old servant on the estate but believes that you placed the proofs of a crime he had never committed where they were found by the officers of justice. You must have seen this general feeling in the manner in which all the inhabitants of St. Faith's treat you."

The woman wrung her hands and groaned in the agony of recollection and remorse at the part she had enacted in the fearful drama.

"Do they also know who stepped out?" she answered at last.

"I cannot say; but they suspect it. I am scarcely more beloved by them than yourself," answered Mr. Slice. "But they fear me; now, they have no cause. I can either serve or injure them; you can do neither; therefore they are silent where I am concerned, and speak out boldly regarding you."

"Injure them or not," exclaimed the woman in a disordered tone; "your brother must not remain here."

"How is it to be prevented?"

"By sending him away."

Mr. Slice gave one of his peculiar laughs.

"You forget he is my brother."

"And you forget that the man I sacrificed to your resentment was my husband."

"A faithless one."

"Granted."

"And you proof of that."

"Ample," exclaimed Margaret. "Had there been a doubt, I would have pointed rather than have injured a hair on his head. It is on account of my wife that you first vowed his destruction. The presence of the man is a silent reproach to me, but his words, his hints, his mysterious manner, are insults. I repeat, he must quit the Home-Farm."

"And I repeat," said the steward, "that I dare not send him away."

"You are in his power?" said the woman.

"To a certain extent."

"And would gladly be released from it?"

"At any price. But you have refused me your assistance in the only way by which I dare venture to rid myself of him."

"I promise it to you now," replied Margaret, in a cool, determined tone. "You are going in the morning to the market at Tiverton. Take your brother with you."

Her master nodded assent.

"Leave him to dine early," continued the speaker, "and return to the Home Farm without supping. The unmanned will be sure to demand food on his arrival. I will have it prepared for him."

"You are aware how suspicious he is," observed the steward. "From the day he first installed himself here, he has never tasted of any food that we have not first partaken of."

"I know—I have seen it," muttered the housekeeper. "But that will prove an obstacle to my revenge. We will both of us eat freely in his presence."

"Both of us," repeated Andrew, fixing his eyes upon her.

"As well as you," answered the housekeeper. "You have only to observe one precaution; your brother is passionately fond of a dish of stewed mushrooms. Do not select yourself to the dish; only take such one as I shall give you; those you may partake of freely."

"I understand you."

The next day the steward of Maldown Park invited his brother to accompany him to Tiverton corn-market, which Mike readily assented to, for he began to tire of the monotonous life he led at the Home Farm. As they drove from the house in the gig, Margaret made her appearance with a small basket on her arm.

"Going to the village?" demanded her master, carelessly.

"Only to the house-craft," replied the woman. "The crows have fallen plentifully, and if I am not mistaken in my calculation, I shall gather an excellent dish of mushrooms."

Mike smacked his lips at the word, and the vehicle drove off.

Margaret smiled bitterly as she gazed after it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TOM BUTLER IN THE CONFECTION SHOP.

When Citrus Kraus fled from the scene of the attempted crime, which he firmly believed he had accomplished, our readers will recollect that he was followed by Tom Butler, who succeeded in not having been employed on the occasion. It was a branch of confectionery known down.

Impelled by his guilty terrors, the unworthy nephew proceeded at a rapid pace, till he reached one of the innumerable gateways to the open by steamers in the sides of the hills, and shaded with branches of trees, into one of these he darted himself, but had scarcely recovered his breath when the fugitive, leaping through the interlocking underwood, stood before him.

Not recognizing the gentleman in his disguise, Carus drew a pistol from his belt.

"Hold back!" exclaimed the ruffian; "don't you know me?"

"Is it Kraus?"

"Of course I am. Badly managed, Mr. Carus, you had better have trusted me, and not have been afraid. Now you have it! Pump will be found following!"

So his hearer began to think. Speaking aloud, he muttered something about never supposing that the attempt would be heard calling up on the island again so soon, and added "that the cards played high."

"Because you did your cards badly," was the reply to his hearer.

His confidential friend expressed himself not quite so satisfied upon the point.

The assertion had been sent by more than the speaker. Several of the fishermen, stimulated by curiosity, had left the Beauty, and started in pursuit of the crime, were upon his track, and their voices could be heard calling to each other as they beat the underwood like partridges in search of game.

"It's all up with you," exclaimed Spike; "you had better have trusted me."

Carus Kraus was not only a man of expedients, but of great presumption in action. He had but one chance of escape.

"Give me your blouse and hat," he exclaimed, at the same time tearing off his own.

The hitherto ready tool of his villainies would have refused, but for the sudden idea of leaving the least of another man's crime, but the first touch of the hated garment which his employer held to his head, and the determined expression of his features, gave, decided him: he reluctantly stripped them off.

The instant he had done so Carus put them on; then, with one spring, he was in the water, and hastened to do so till the change was effected.

Spike did the same, and the others, believing he had accomplished his purpose, fled. It was not long, however, before they discovered the error, to take the life of his fellow-creature, and, in both instances, the mistake was fatal. The first person was wounded, the ballet having passed between his shoulder and his side.

"That is the way you provide for your friends, is it?" muttered the fellow; "very well, Mr. Carus Kraus, you shall pay for this!"

The report of the pistol brought the fishermen to the spot, and, despite the assertions of the innocent, the speaker was secured. How could they suppose that the man who had accompanied them as they had distinctly recognized were lying beside the water?

That night Slyte slept in the prison of St. Helens, and information of his capture was at once forwarded to Tiverton.

The narrow escape of his grandson had revealed to Peter Mangles the real state of the matter; namely, that the high-spirited boy had won a place in his affections, which, in the humour of offering, had deemed could never be filled again. How many an evening had the gentleman, having acquired a solution, which, after all, is merely artificial—procured for the young man, when, in truth, they are only foiled for the want of sympathy. The dove falls, and, like the flower, the leaves of the sensitive plant shrink.

But was not the only change produced on him. What the reasoning of Peter Mangles had failed to effect, the fearful exertion of Richard that his father was incapable of an act of dishonesty, had accomplished. He resolved, and he now began to doubt whether he had not been unjust in doubting the conduct of his son-in-law in the affair of the Crescent.

Conscience whispered to him that he had.

There was something sickening in the doubt, and he resolved, cost what it might, that his mind should be satisfied upon the point, one way or the other. And the morning after the adventure on the cliffs, he quitted the residence of the Reverend Orme Brown, in company with the owner, to visit Slyte, whom he believed the author of the crime, in the person of Sir Hilgers. Richard would fain have accompanied him, but from a feeling of delicacy he declined being present on the occasion.

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when the question to be investigated was the honesty of his own father.

"Right," said the old man, "I must see the ruffian alone. For once I am determined that cool reason shall sit in judgment; affection must not stand beside to prompt and influence its cool decisions."

"But prejudice may," answered the youth, boldly.

"*Me me,*" replied his relative. "Time was when such might have been the case, but I am changed; and humiliated as the confession is, one sense, must be to me, by heaven, I know of no circumstance that can afford me more pleasure than the proof that I have been deceived in my opinion of your father—that his son will have no cause to blush in after life for the author of his being. Weakness, passion, folly, excess—all, save crime, may be forgiven. That is irreparable."

Except by penitence," mildly observed the clergyman, who was present at the conversation.

"Irreparable in this world," added the merchant; "I spoke not of the future."

By the influence of his companion, who was well known and exceedingly respected in the vicinity of the authorities, Mr. Bently obtained a private interview with Styles, whom he found in no very cheerful mood, pacing the courtyard of the prison.

He felt that his position was a critical one. His assertions of innocence disbelieved—positive proofs against him. Bitterly did he curse the tempter who had led him into this ordeal.

A ray of hope, a very faint one, gleamed athwart his mind, when he beheld his former employer enter the courtyard of the prison. He knew his tempter, when he had once decided on the accomplishment of an object—his wealth and influence—how much he would sacrifice to achieve it. Now it was evident that Mr. Bently desired to counsel from the world the interest he had taken in his grandson's fate—unless the system would be impossible if once he were brought to trial—everything then must be made public.

Hastily weighing all these things, he came to the conclusion that, in defiance of appearances were, his case was not so very desperate.

"Sir," said the merchant, eyeing him sternly, "this is the zenith of your depravity, villain, wanton career—a felon! I told you, when your bad conduct forced me to dismiss you, that you would ing-house, what would be the result, did I not?"

"You did," muttered the ruffian, sullenly.

"It has made you a murderer!" exclaimed the old gentleman, solemnly.

"No, it ain't," answered the prisoner, boldly, "for the boy is not dead!—he had learnt that fact from one of the hostlers—and if he was, I was in wouldn't affect me. It was Caruo who tried it on."

Mr. Bently noticed the assertion by a look of incredulity and mingled contempt, as monstrously improbable till it appear.

"You may stare and affect to disbelieve me," continued Styles, "but it is true. What interest could I have in the lad's death? Ask your grandsea to describe the man who assisted him to descend the rocks, and then call the rope. Confront me with him. I ask nothing but fair play."

"Wretch if grounds the old merchant, unable to suspect that the man was speaking truth. "What injury had the son of Captain Hoffman ever done him, that he should seek his life?"

"And what injury had his father ever done you," demanded Styles, coldly, "that you should have cast him off to starve? Married your daughter without your consent; plotted to deprive him of a good as here, his name as respectable; besides, he had her mother's sanction. But you listened to nothing but the evil spirit of pride and revenge within you; promised your daughter to make him your heir. Now, it seems, you have altered your mind, reposed of your daughter to George, and think to atone for all by making it up by kindness to his boy, when you know the loss of him is breaking his mother's heart."

There was a truth in the coarse but energetic retort of the criminal, which startled the cheek of the wealthy merchant to turn pale. A day, one little day before, and he would have turned from the speaker in indignant silence, but now he considered it his part to reply.

"George was a drunkard," he replied.

"Not when you turned him out of the counting-house," exclaimed the prisoner.

"But he became one."

"After he had struggled as few men struggle to hold a position in the world, and failed for want of a friendly hand to aid him; he was crushed—ruined."

"Not by me," said Mr. Bently, eagerly.

"*By you.* It is no use denying it. When you never employed direct means; there was no occasion, when indirect ones made worthy your purpose as well. He was known to be your son-in-law—the son-in-law of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. Men naturally wondered why you never assisted him. Did you ever explain the cause? No. It asked respecting him, when he was poor, you would have cast him off; never speak of him again! This naturally created a doubt, and you know what a doubt can do in the commercial world. A panic came on last; many a firm fell, and was not known as George Hoffman's. Had you but made a sign, he might have been saved; you remained cold and bad, immovable as your pride, and he fell, too.

"Then it was," added the speaker, emphatically, "that he was made a drunkard!

"*Made a drunkard,*" repeated his hearer, slowly. "Explain your meaning."

The prisoner smiled knowingly. He had succeeded in raising the curiosity of his visitor, and his was all to subdue.

"What is it you would hint?"

"O, nothing, nothing," circulated the ruffian; "but it shall all come out on my trial, if I am tried. I shall speak plainly enough then. I'll not be a mere feast for the newspapers. How the great city houses will chuckle at the disgrace of their great rival in business. All Lombard-street will ring with it!"

"What mean you?"

"When it shall be known that Caros Kuno, one of the partners of Bently and Son, forged, and one of the partners in Thornton and Company—ah, well! no matter what!"

"Speak man!" exclaimed the merchant, indignantly, "if you have the slightest hope of obtaining forgiveness of heaven!"

The prisoner looked him with a half chuckle, half sneer; he intimate how little that consideration weighed upon his mind.

"*Or forbearance,*" added the speaker.

The second observation arrested the cynical smile upon his lip. The forbearance of Mr. Bently was something tangible, and bearing on the point he wished to arrive at—his escape from the hand of justice.

"I shall say no more till my trial," he replied, in a more respectful tone of voice. "Where would be the good? I can't see it."

The last words were accompanied by a look which plainly indicated that the price he set upon the information which it was in his power to afford, was his personal safety; it was evident that to secure that he would conceal anything.

Mr. Bently reflected for a few minutes, during which prudence struggled with resentment.

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"That he did *speculate, I know,*" said the infirmest, resolutely, "and lost heavy sums. I know, too, that your wife discovered it, and remonstrated with him upon the subject; what else the document I am unable to tell. *She died before your return.*"

Mr. Bently fell into deep thought.

"Nobody was present?"

His hearer started as if somethingd had stung him, for there was a malicious emphasis, almost solemnity in the tone in which the words were pronounced.

A clicker the wrote to you could not be found. He could have had no interest in concealing it? Certainly not George Hoffman or your daughter, since they relied upon. It to obtain your forgiveness of their hasty marriage.

"Proceed," uttered or rather groaned Mr. Bently, upon whose heart large drops of perspiration began to gather—a sign of the agitation and agony he endured.

"Immediately on your return to England you dismissed your son-in-law from the counting-house?"

"I did."

"And your daughter from your home?"

"True, true."

"He joined *by that* Caruo—for it increased his prospect of inheriting your great wealth. He was a friend of his son's. You increased his share in the business, confided everything to him. Then, when it suited the speaker, "will you please answer me one question?"

"Proceed," said the merchant.

"Who selected the clerk you sent out to India to settle your correspondents there in managing the English branch of the establishment?"

"My nephew."

"What! you set him against the advice of Peter Mangles—"

"I thought it was jealousy of Caruo's influence which prompted the old man's objections. Peter never spoke—"

"Because he is too honest to have done so," was the reply. "He had nothing but suspicions; and you had reason, when it came to that, when I knew a man to have committed one act of villainy, I was justified in suspecting him of another and worse. It is a natural consequence, as plain as the rule of three."

His hearer regarded him like a man half stunned by a heavy blow on the head. His whole manner and was soiled, perfectly understood; and yet something else, which he had not silenced—a sense of duty, would not allow him to remain silent. He became a drunkard, and directed me to lead him astray, when in a state of intoxication, first cashed his checks to the amount of a thousand pounds, and then where we were sure to encounter you and Peter Mangles. Both these circumstances, and the fact of a couple if you had not witnessed it; besides, there was the handwriting, which you must know to be Caruo's, and his victim be saved, and the best way to still all returning pity or sentiment of forgiveness to be terror—the terror of punishment, and the application of your son-in-law."

"It was all," uttered the merchant, in a voice of horror.

"And cleverly executed," added Styles. "I did not think you could be taken in by the trick."

"Fearfully!" replied his hearer. "The lie you have told me, and the truth—both—shall be put to me the true nature of the serpent I have cherished."

"*Oh you don't know half your obligations to* him yet; but you shall if you act up to your promise, and get me out of this infernal hole—and not after all I don't deserve, and none but a fool would do as he has done."

"Or a villain," exclaimed the merchant, indignantly.

"True," said Styles; "*but I am be a fool no more!*"

The gentleman thought so, too, and forbore to press him with further questions till the charge should be dismissed.

This the evidence of our hero easily accomplished. He distinctly swore that Styles was not the assailant of Caruo, and that he could not have done so afterwards cut the rope.

Before quitting the island Mr. Bently had one more conference with the *intended assassin.* It took place privately in the library of the Reverend Orson Brown, and at the request of the prisoner, without the presence of a single witness.

What passed between them the ruffian persecuted himself before him, "I have kept my promise," he said.

"You have do," answered the man, respectfully, "and I feel grateful to you."

"You must now perform yours."

Styles seemed to hesitate.

"Do not fear him," exclaimed his former employer. "The grasp of justice is merely loosened—a word from you will again secure you. Remember that, if guiltless of the actual attempt, you were privy to, or accomplices."

"I know that, sir."

"Why do you hesitate, then?"

"Because what I am going to say is extraordinary, so improbable, that I question whether you will believe me."

"Proceed. I am the best judge of that."

"Then I must tell you, sir, that Caruo is the ruffian of having abstracted securities to the amount of ten thousand pounds from the firm during your absence to India."

"I do."

"And of having negotiated them while he was in business?"

"I do."

"You suspect him wrongfully, then; for it is not believed he knows no more about them than I do—so does, who was not born at the time the robbery took place."

"Who do you suspect?" demanded Mr. Bently, eagerly.

"It would only be one of two persons," replied Styles, hesitatingly; "Peter Mangles—"

"Stop!" exclaimed the gentleman, indignantly. "The man you have named in the very soul of honor, integrity, and truth. More than a dozen times he has rejected my offers, my more substantial testimonials of gratitude, to accept a share in the firm, which his talents and fidelity for years have justly merited."

"I said one of two persons," remarked the clerk, sententiously.

"True! true! and my anger at what appeared to me a charge of slander was somewhat premature. The other—"

"Is your nephew, Caros Kuno."

"Equally improbable," replied the merchant, although in a less confident tone. "He never had the opportunity."

"Were there only *one sir, sir!*" demanded Styles. "But that is a question which, perhaps, I ought not to ask; you can best tell whether it been upon the examination or not. All I know is, that at the time the securities were stolen, Caruo was involved deeply in railway speculations."

"He never speculates," interrupted the scrivener merchant.

Tom Styles smiled significantly.

"It is provided against in our articles of partnership, that he shall enter into no private speculations without the permission of the head of the firm."

"That he did speculate, *I know,*" said the infirmest, resolutely, "and lost heavy sums. I know, too, that your wife discovered it, and remonstrated with him upon the subject; what else the document I am unable to tell. *She died before your return.*"

Mr. Bently fell into deep thought.

"Nobody was present?"

His hearer started as if somethingd had stung him, for there was a malicious emphasis, almost solemnity in the tone in which the words were pronounced.

"Not the slightest, sir?"

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STEPMOTHERS.

BY RACHEL'S CHILD.

What alls stepmothers! Why, human nature alls them, that's all.

The child of a real mother nature is all *for* the children; in the case of a stepmother nature is all *against* them; and this "odds" is a tremendous one, as you see by the difference."

It takes a liberal share of grace to make a decent stepmother of woman who would be seldom any "greater" at all make a very respectable mother. Being the former is all the way up hill; being the latter is all the way down hill. Nature is on the mother's side, and children are pretty and graceful—that in her opinion are good and lovely, would be, in the eyes of a stepmother, (just as if a woman in the eyes of) perhaps even a heifer can,) "ugly, long-legged, ungainly, blockhead young hopefuls!" Children are all troublesome and faulty; some very much so *for her own peace and comfort*—all delights and comforts. Where self-forgetful and generous devotion, such as mother's feel, is not, it is natural to look for all those evils in others of whom we are jealous and grate

THE WORD OF HOPE.

An Elegiac.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

He came with hushed words, and smile bright as the rosy morn
That spurs, on summer mornings, 'mid the dew-drops and the corn;
I on life fearful beauty gazed, and knew o'ermuch power my boon;
But felt no wish to have him go and never come again.

He knew I held a ringed path, inventing and new afraid,
And gently attended, humbled self, he would be night-sent maid.
Meaning to oft work miracles fond as those of crime,
And all my care for wrongful end in fairy-like dreams time.

And often while he spoke of "peace" a sharp and great pain
Was thrust by his unwitting hand straight through my heart again.
Where with blood of sorrow had encrusted on vague sharp
wounds now—
His peace was true to me, and thence upon my brow
Where hills had wrested me before rose mountains high as
heaven.
Their rocky sides with forked light and Hark's thunders
riven.
With quivering breath and failing heart I cried my cause to
plead,
But with a smile he hushed my voice, and would not hear
my need;
And when I told him, earnestly, what only would avail
To save me from the flood and fire, his anger made me veil.
And then he left me—helpless—where his "help" had her-
self to die.
To learn against the mountains' fire, or sink within the sea.

The world—and self—and sweet love in my own heart
shrined,
Had pride and falsehood prompted him, and so left me
thence
Searched by the lightning, had I cried, and turned my arms
to him.
Then, finding fell upon the ground, and thought I fell to
die.

But late remorse had touched his heart, and underneath my
head
I felt his moist beloved hands, I heard The Word he called—
That heard it almost as the word—and then upon me—
And straight I stood upon my feet, no more to fall or fear.

There were the fiery mountains now! and where that raging
flood
As side by side with him I bend, now trusting him, I stood?
Oh! not as death the Word had called him for from me to
dwell.
But with such cheer as someone bring I now need only,
"Farewell."

THE LEFT-HANDED THIEF.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"How many young men have been injured, and perhaps ruined for life, by misplaced confidence!" said a mournful-looking friend, as we were conversing upon the subject of "Banks" a few evenings since.

"Suspicion is like an assassin in the dark. It strikes in silence, and its bravest foe knows not whence come. Or, it may be more like the keen frost which seizes upon the ears, the cheek, or the nose, freezing the flesh and driving the blood to the head, and leaving the poor man totally insensible of his situation. He comes in contact with no foe, and begging to feel the stinging pain. But I believe I never did yet of the real fruits of the suspicion of evil was ever fastened upon me. It has nothing in particular to do with the subject under consideration, though it served to show how mechanics sometimes lose money.

"When a mere youth I was placed in the store of Jesse Warton, who was a merchant doing a good business. I was frugal, industrious and faithful, and at the age of twenty-one I was advanced to the post of book-keeper, with a good salary. I had charge of the books and the safe, and all the money left over after banking hours was also in my care. I tried to do my duty faithfully, and I think I succeeded. Mr. Warton was a close, methodical man, with a quick eye, and ready understanding of business, and as I fancied that he was satisfied, I felt much pleased.

"I had been book-keeper a year, when I thought my employer's manner towards me began to change. He seemed to treat me more coolly, and, finally, I was sure he watched my movements with a distrustful glance. I became nervous and uneasy. So it found I had offended him. But the thing came to a head at length. One evening when I was alone in the store, engaged in making up my cash account, Mr. Warton came to me with a troubled look, and spoke. His voice was tremulous, and I could not believe deeply affected.

"'George,' said he, 'I am sorry for the conviction which has been forced upon me. I fear you are not treating me as you should.'

"I managed, in spite of my astonishment, to ask him what he meant.

"'I fear you are not honest?' was his reply.

"But a handkerchief fallen upon me, I could not have been more startled. *Not honest?*—And there I had been for years, making it my chief aim, and already how to serve him most faithfully! I do not remember what I said at first. I only know that tears came into my eyes—that my lips trembled—and that my utterance was almost choked. How long had he felt such suspicions? I asked him, and he told me for more than two months.

"'Good God!' You have suspected me thus, and still left me in the dark! After serving you so long—after giving to your interests all my energies—after striving for faith and honor that I might win your love and esteem;—to suspect me in secret!—to look upon me as a thief, and yet not tell me! Oh! I would not have believed it!'

"Let all this matter ever calmly! said the merchant, his old kind tone coming back. He was touched at my agony, and I could see that he was wavering.

"'I felt at first like telling him that he should have done this before; but as he seemed willing to reason out the matter, I said no more forth.

"'You have spent considerable money of late,' he began.

"'How?' I asked.

"'Have you not built a house?'

"'Yes, sir,—and paid for it, too,—and have thus given my mother a comfortable home.'

"Mr. Warton was staggered for a moment by my frank and feeling reply; but pretty soon he asked—

"'What did the house cost you?'

"'Just hundred dollars. My mother owned the land. And I suppose you would know where I got the money. Yes, sir, learned me how to save it. I have been with you five years. The first year you paid me fifty dollars, and I laid up twenty-five of it. The second and third years you gave me a hundred; and of that I laid up sixty dollars a year. The fourth year you made me a clerk, and gave me five hundred. My mother was able to feed me, and as our little old out savored for the time, I got along that year upon an expense of seventy-five dollars, so that I saved four hundred and twenty-five dollars. The next year you paid me six hundred on condition that I would help keep your books. I saved five hundred of that. This last year you have paid me one thousand dollars, and I have spent only the interest of what I had previously invested, so that the thousand was not touched. Of course my mother has worked, but she wished to do it. I have paid fifteen hundred dollars cash for my house, and have over five hundred in the Savings Bank. That is a plain statement of my affairs.'

"My employer seemed more puzzled than before.

"'Now,' said I, 'I have given you an honest statement, and will you be equally frank, and tell me all that has happened to make you doubt my honesty?'

"'Well,' he replied, taking a seat near me. 'Within the last year I must have lost over two thousand dollars. I must have been robbed in the store! I know this for I know the amount of goods which has been sold, and I know how much cash I have received. I began to be watchful four months ago. Two months ago a man said to me, in the afternoon, five hundred dollars. I put it in the drawer, and on the next morning, before you came, I looked at your cash account, and found only two hundred of that set down. From that time I have been very watchful, and have detected a dozen similar cases. I have noticed every dollar that came in after the bank account was made up, and have also taken note of the amount entered upon the book; and finding that the latter had been a league of over seven hundred dollars! Now who has access to that drawer, and to the safe?'

"I was astonished. I could only answer my employer that I knew nothing of it; and I saw that he wanted to believe me. I asked him if he had spoken to any one else. Not to his wife, he said, but no, he replied. I pondered a few moments, and then said—

"Mr. Warton, could I be made to believe that even ignominiously I had wronged you to the value of a dollar I should feel the perfect consciousness of honor I now feel. There must be a thief somewhere about you! Have you any fear that I am the money? But are you willing to let the matter rest for a few days? Will you promise never to detect the evil doer?'

"He pondered and seemed to let me try my hand at detecting the thief. He promised not to lisp a syllable upon the subject to any one else, and left me to learn the mystery really in my hands for one week. He gave me a warm grasp when we parted, and said he hoped I should succeed.

"On the following morning I entered the store with all my powers of mind centered upon the work before me. There were four clerks, or salesmen, and one lad myself, in constant of attendance, and all money received had to pass through my hands. Sometimes I made up my cash account at night, and sometimes not until the next morning. In the latter case I generally put the money received into the safe, and took it out. The key to the safe was kept in a small drawer to which there were two keys, one of which I had, while Mr. Warton kept the other. The only other person who ever had access to the safe was one Warton, our employer's only son. He was a black-hearted, graceless lad, a dozen years my junior, and I must had grown up between us. At first I thought that Warton must have found time to do the work, but as Warton had promised to speak to no one else upon the subject, I soon dismissed that idea.

"That night I counted my money, but made no entry of the account. There was three hundred and forty-four dollars. I put it into a small, thin pocket-book—placed that in the money-drawer—and locked the safe up as usual. On the following morning I found fifty dollars missing! I counted the money over carefully, but was not mistaken. I began to feel suspicionately. My suspicions were directed to Warton.

"During that day I pondered upon the subject, and finally I was upon the point of speaking to Mr. Warton. I had locked the safe up for the night, I opened upon the desk of the door, and upon the money-drawer. I put in ten dollars, which I thought not to get enough to be easily noticed. I had left the drawer slightly open to be ready for me in the morning. When I next opened the safe, all was as I had left it. I went to the desk, and found that the same manner, and on the morning following I found forty dollars gone! Evidently the thief had been regardless of the red lead; and when I came to open my cash book I found that it was locked as before! So I had learned something: the thief knew enough to re-whether any account had been made up, and, therefore, I took it! I felt more unpleasantly than before, for my speculations were now being confirmed. I had gained new light. There was a peculiarity in the red finger-mark which told me a sad story. Still I would not lay further.

"For two nights after this the safe remained undisturbed, but on the third night I missed another five dollars; and I had now set my trap more carefully. The money-drawer was not locked, but I had put a private mark upon every bill in the drawer. Those I should know when they were fingered as before, and the marks were clear and distinct.

"When the week was up Mr. Warton came and asked me what I had found.

"'Ah!' he said, when he noticed the somewhat expression upon my countenance, 'you have failed to discover anything.'

"'Alas! I wish I could say so,' I replied. 'I have discovered too much. In the course of the week I have missed in all, by the safe and the money-drawer, two hundred and fifty dollars; and I had now set my trap more carefully. I am sorry to tell you so, sir, but I had put a private mark upon every bill in the drawer. Those I should know when they were fingered as before, and the marks were clear and distinct.

"'Who is the thief?' he asked.

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"'Who is the thief?' he asked.

"'I am sorry to say that I cannot tell you.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE MARRIED BELLE.

BY HALLIE M. BRYAN.

"True as the worm in this cold heart is he—
I am Mahomet's bride—Sir, smile, Sir,—Moore.

Oh, sweet the tender accent that uttered
The perfumed air of princely halls,
To one whose ear had only heard
Wild songs of woe and sadness,
And then the gone, the exiled light,
That shone in Eastern eyes alone,
And the caution care and delight
Love dreaming from the marble vases—
All these had wrapped her—and
Was gilled, beautiful and proud!
Then blame not an unaccustomed
That love on princes' cool shelter was flung,
Alas, she'd known no more long
For—taken home and bliss held wrong.

In sorrow, fearing was the light
Of lonely chamber hour, through crowds
She glided, typed as the Night
When crowned with stars and robed in clouds.
And words of praise from that bright city
Were murmured as she moved around—
And yet her bosom pained to value—
Why heard she but the undying sound?
Why saw she but the glittering show?
And then, a stranger through the throng
In traveler's garb inquired long
Unto eternal life, and the light in form
And, for a promise early made,
She found her Lord and left the throng.

Fond Allen Raymonde was the name
Graved on the bosom of the simple ring;
And o'er her cheek a crimson flame
Burned burning when—as all hers'd pray
Torn from his bride's unwilling arms.
In fearful mood, that through night
The heated cool that crowds blood
Of the fair bride, and the bridegroom
And then, a stranger through the throng
In traveler's garb inquired books
Unto eternal life, and the light in form
To trembling was the voice that spoke;
"Mary!" he muttered—she was there!
With name by the stranger—"Paul!"

Then came the thought of—dear one—
He said; "As early life—long gone,"
Were dimmed him more, and to meet again
They left them free, and glided on.
He paused—his boyhood's lovely face
In various waves of wandering gold;
His deep blue eyes with dreamlight hazy;
His lip and brow tears as of old—
Then Mary's heart was full of pain
The greatest human woes were seen,
Till that soft voice came small-large,
Such—Mary, then this silvered moon
More stars than had my heart! If so,
I will not marvel!"—Then she knew—

I dreamed that last—and I was full—
Was proud, and lonely, and my joy
And I must live, I thought, to enjoy
My lover grave—and I must live for him,
As—and—so—then honored his rest."
That's what I dreamed about all during the
The fantastic pension slung my trees,
Blue—Black, from the fair bridegroom's face
His whitened features—Then it smile and wave
Of the fair bride, and the bridegroom
In my proceed dream and the fantastic
And she light! Farewell!—I go"
And with white hand waved—and
That Raymonde crossed the seas again.

THE SETTLER AND HIS SERVANT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Just before the breaking out of what is commonly known as Lord Dunmore's war, a man by the name of James Parker settled in the western part of Virginia, on a small creek which emptied into the Ohio. His family consisted of his wife, four children, ranging from five to twelve, and a negro servant. The place where he located was some distance from any settlement or station, and the country around very wild and romantic, with lofty and heavy-wooded hills rising back from the valley. His brought his family here early in the spring, built him a rude log cabin, and, by great exertion, succeeded in clearing and planting a considerable patch of ground that season.

One day, near the close of summer, as Mr. Parker and his negro Tom were at work in the woods, about half a mile from the dwelling, the latter, who had gone down to a creek near by, came hurriedly back, with an expression of alarm depicted upon his black features.

"Why, Tom, what now?" inquired his master, supposing his work to look at his frightened demeanor.

"Oh, Mars Jonas," answered Tom, in a quavering voice, looking fearfully around him as he spoke, "I tink I seed sumfin down by de creek."

"You are always seeing something wonderful," growled the other; "but it generally turns out a very telling affair. Did you see a black face in the water, when you stooped down to drink?"

"Oh, Mars Jonas, I reed sufflx worsern's dat. But, don't feel, Mars Jonas! Great golly! I feel cole in de hadies—feel as if I'd eat nuff sufflx afore—sufflx—during die life!"

"Well, you are not apt to hurt anybody, Tom," returned Mr. Parker, with a laugh; "I've seen a great many ugly in my time."

"Yes, but, Mars Jonas, it's a difference what kind's 'tached ugly."

"That is true, Tom. Well, what did your eyes belong to?"

"I tink dey was 'tached upon a Injia."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, supposing for the first time a little startled. "Why did you not say so in the first place, you blundering fool? Pshaw! there are no Indians about here, except in your imagination. What makes you think it was an Indian?"

"Case I tink de Injia was dar, dat's all," answered the black, looking timidly about him. "I tink Mars Jonas, we'd best go down to de house to 'tect misses and de children."

"I believe it would be fully as well to do so," rejoined Mr. Parker, "for I am almost certain you have seen nothing at all. Still, as you have made me uneasy, I will go back; but if you fool me many more, look out for a tanning."

"I'll not do dat to fool you, Mars Jonas," said Tom, humbly gathering up the tools, while his master took up his rifle, which was leaning against a tree, and, keeping his eye warily about him, proceeded to examine the ground. "No, I's not de chile to fool you," pursued Tom. "If I didn't see de hairiest eyes—and dem de eyes fore de head, I'd'nor seed sufflx—afore—sufflx during die life—dat's truth."

Mr. Parker now suggested that it might be as well to go down to the creek and make a search through the bushes; but to this proposition the negro excitedly demurred—saying that if there were Indians there, they would be certain to shoot him before he could find them.

"That is true, Tom," replied the other—"if there are Indians there, which I do not believe. However, as you seem so much alarmed, and as I am willing to admit the possibility of such a thing, we will return to the house."

Accordingly Mr. Parker and his servant set off, along the side of the hill, to a point whence they could get a view of the dwelling, he carrying his rifle so as to be ready for instant use, and the negro keeping close at his heels, with the axes and other implements, and both looking warily about them, closely scanning every tree and bush.

Nothing occurred to justify the alarm of the negro till they reached the edge of the cornfield, which ran down to the house; when, just as Mr. Parker was in the act of repeating his account for exciting his fears without cause, there suddenly came reports of some three or four rifles in quick succession—instantly followed by wild, Indian yells —and both Tom and his master dropped, apparently the latter struck by two balls, one in his side and the other in his leg.

"Oh, my God! my poor family!" he groaned, as he gathered himself up upon his feet, and beheld the negro sketching off over the hills, with wild yells of triumph, in the direction of their retreat.

Hastily staggering to his cabin, Mr. Parker now saw that the Indians had already set his back on fire, ready for the torch, and, as stood as it were at bay, Perceiving this, and knowing too well the certainty of the white man's aim—and also feeling themselves perfectly sure of their prize, and therefore not caring to throw away a single life—the Indian leader ordered a retreat—whereupon all different trees, and began to reload their pieces.

To remain where he was, Mr. Parker saw were would be certain death in a few moments; wounded as he was, and continually growing weaker; from loss of blood, it was vain to think of flight; and yet, with them staying him to the fire, and an almost unbearable pain for his wounded leg, equally for his family's sake as his own, he felt that something must be done—and done quickly, too, though never so hopeless the attempt.

Looking quickly and anxiously around him, he perceived, about ten paces distant, a dense thicket, and believing if he could reach that, his chances of life would be increased—as the savages without actually seeking, could not make their way through the bushes and trees with any speed for the effort, and was forward to the spot, failing in the midst of the bushes, and in time to escape two bullets of the enemy, which at the same moment whizzed over his head.

Seeing him fall, and supposing their last shot had proved fatal, the two savages who had just fired, uttering yells of triumph, darted out from their covert, and commenced dashing their scalping knives bounded forward to the spot. But on they they reached it, Mr. Parker, who had succeeded in gaining cover, was out of sight, for a few yards in the direction, behind the trigger.

There was a flash, a report, and a yell at the same moment, and springing some two or three feet from the ground with a bound that left him at the very feet of his companion, who suddenly stopped, uttered a howl of dismay, and for a few moments seemed undetermined whether to advance or retreat.

That momentary hesitation proved fatal to his ally; for the negro, who had all the time been quietly loading his gun during the struggle, and thinking there might be a possibility of escape, notwithstanding the enemy, quickly got the utmost himself into a kind of ball, and, rising from his hands forward, the distance being about ten yards, aimed his weapon around the bush, and before the astonished warrior had time to put himself on his guard, brought the glittering tomahawk to the fire lightning, cleaving the savage through skull and brain, and laying him a quietly and bleeding corpse beside the other.

"Dar, take dat, you foreing red nigger!" shouted Tom, with a triumphant laugh, "you don't 'tached sem;" 'take dat dar! and don't enter my sufflx mansion during die—sufflx—during die!"

The words were not fully uttered, when crack went the rifle of the first Indian, a ball struck sufflx the left cheek of the negro, and the other causing his right ear to tingle.

"Great golly!" cried Tom, ducking his head, "dat dar was most nigh bidge de finisherng of die sufflx. I 'spected I concluded I'd quit playing de varmisters," he added, shaking his fist in the direction of the savages, "if soon you doesn't attend sufflx more afore ye scullion done."

Perceiving the empty guns of the two slain warriors, he rushed to the thicket, where Mr. Parker was concealed, exclaiming—

"Oh, Mars Jonas, de varmisters is dead, yet, but two of the Injias no, and here I is, wid die two guns, and only enuff sufflx to 'ten to de others to do debt!"

"Ah, Tom," groaned Mr. Parker, as he lay on the ground, making every exertion to load his rifle with the falling powers would permit, "thank God you have escaped, and I hope you were killed at the first fire."

Not exactly, dat time, Mars Jonas; but die ebils was greatly skeered, dat's truth; and seeing you couldn't 'tend I'd quit you sufflx, I run to de house, and wouldn't rether have sufflx more during die life. But what's de matter wid you, Mars Jonas?"

"Oh, I am wounded, I'd quit playing de varmisters, and, to avoid sufflx more scullion done."